Saturday Review

January 23, 1965 25¢

The new architecture of U.S. cities

Articles by
Peter Blake
Allan Temko
Wolf Von Eckardt
Katharine Kuh
Margaret R. Weiss

SR2JOSBO 386-535
FREDERICK E HAHN
150 UNION RD
ROSELLE PARK N J

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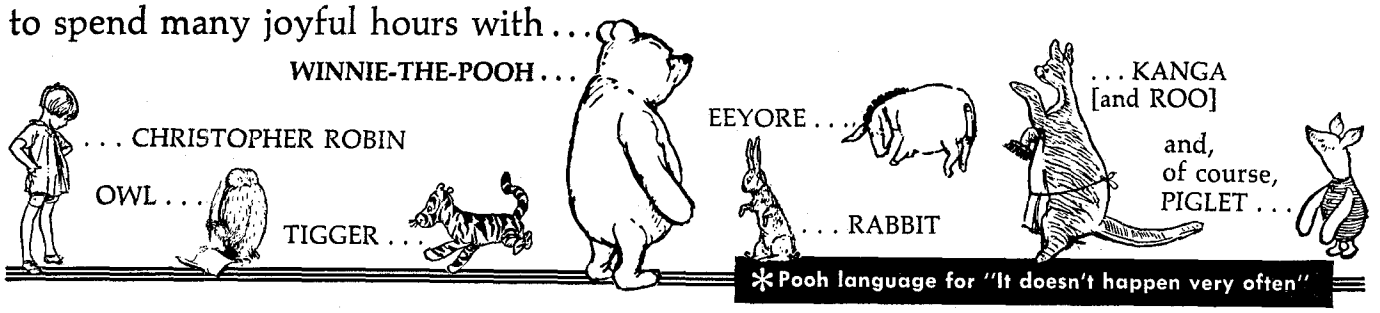

*Pooh language for "It doesn't happen very often"

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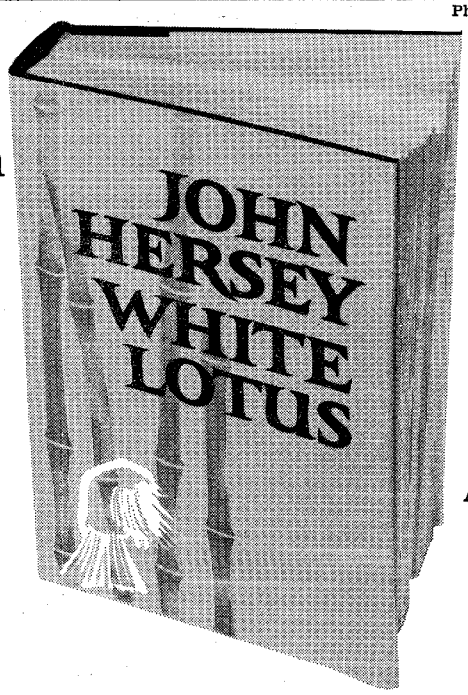
Ten times in twenty-two years
John Hersey has struck fire
from these keys,
shaping books
that sear the conscience,
ignite the imagination,
and inflame
the hearts of men...

Photo: Elliott Erwitt

This
is the
eleventh



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Saturday Review

January 23, 1965

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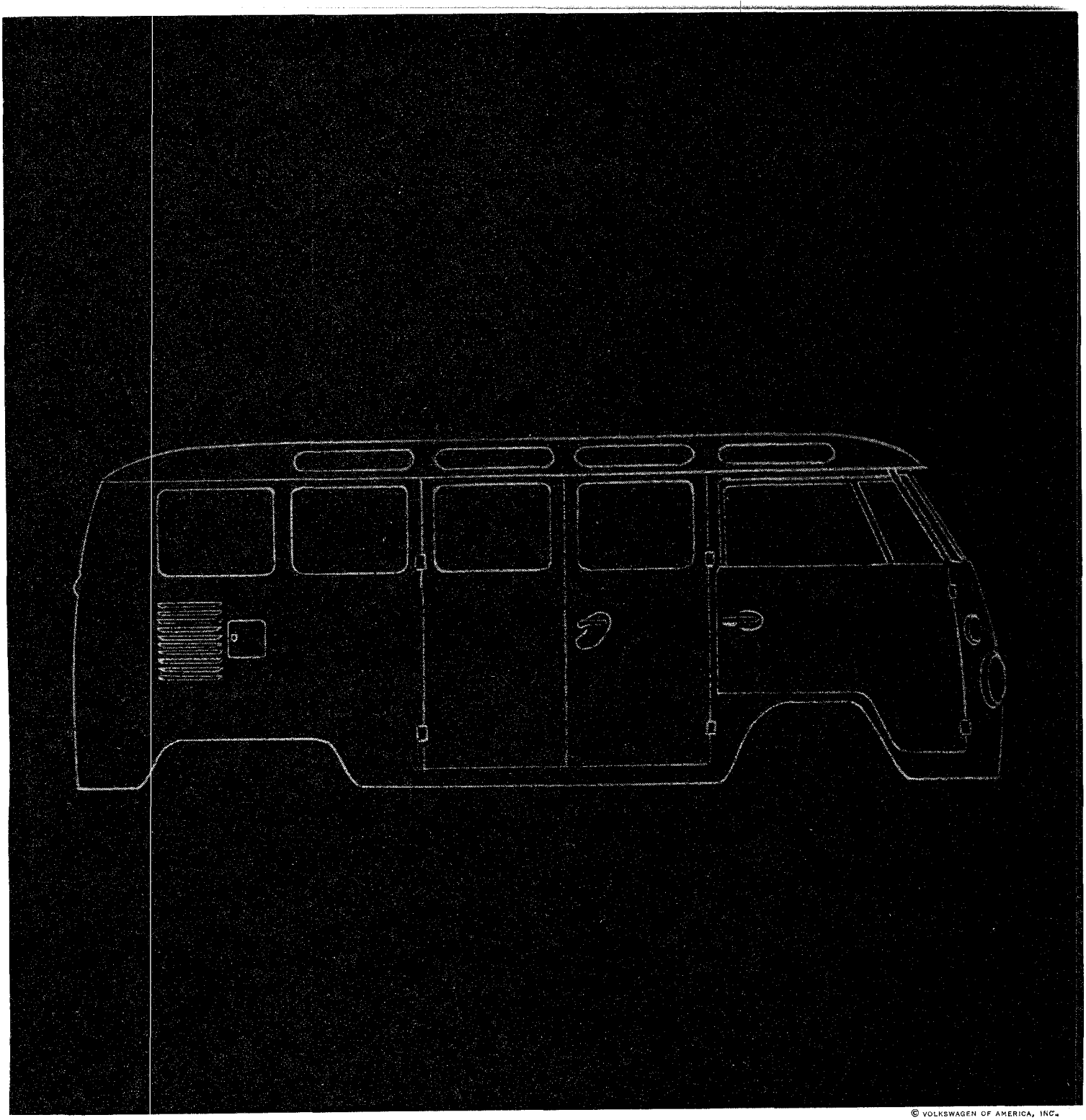

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Edited by Martin Levin

Rejoyce

Miss Moore at Assembly

(Based, with a derived scrupulosity, upon an item in the New York Times, describing Marianne Moore's lecture appearance before the students of a Brooklyn high school)

A "chattering, gum-snapping audience"
held rapt by poetess, hat
tricorn, "gigantic white orchid
fluttering at her shoulder"—that
suffices, in mid-
century, to tax one's fittingness's sense.

But why? . . . Birds heard Francis. Who else could come
to Eastern District High School
("slum," "gum-snapping") and, white-haired, stand—
tobacco-eschewer but Bol-
lingen-Prize-winner—and
say, "I've always wanted to play a snare drum"?

—John Updike.

Encore! Bis! Ciacciac!

EVERYONE who has followed with care the wanderings of Mr. Leopold Bloom in the *Ulysses* of James Joyce knows that Simon, father of Stephen Dedalus, was a fine lyric tenor and that on the afternoon of June 16, 1904, at the urging of friends in the bar of the Ormond Hotel, Ormond Quay, Dublin, he sang that singularly sweet aria, *M'appari,* from Flotow's *Martha.*

The small audience, which included Mr. Bloom and the barmaids, Miss Lydia Douce and Miss Mina Kennedy, was deeply affected, and after one of the number had shouted a conventional "Bravo!" the applause was general: Clapclap . . . Clappyclapclap . . . Clapclipclop . . . Clapclopclap.

That is the sound the Irish make when they strike their hands together to signify approval, and it is also the sound made by the English and by Americans. But in the Italian translation of *Ulysses,* known as *Ulisse,* the impact of hand against hand produces a sound that goes: Ciacciac . . . Ciacciacciac . . . Ciaccicciac . . . Ciacciocciac, which, were you to put it in English, would be: Chockchock . . . Chockchockchock . . . Chockchickchock . . . Chockchokechock.

Much as I like *Ulisse,* I have doubts about Ciacciac. I have many Italian friends and I have never heard one applaud with a Ciacciac or a Ciacciociac. I have watched them at the Metropolitan and in theaters and listened to them, and one and all go Clapclap or Clappyclapclap or Clapclopclap, depending on their mood and the degree of their enthusiasm. It might be argued that in deference to me, an American, they applaud in my native language, but I doubt it.

Is there something wrong with the Italian ear? The blind piano tuner who comes to the Ormond walks with a cane that goes Tap. Tap. Tap. Every Dubliner recognizes the sound—Tap. Tap. Tap. Yet the translators of Ulysses hear it as Tic. Tic. Tic.

I can understand the difficulty of translating into Italian the sentence Joyce uses to bring to a halt in Glasnevin Cemetery the carriage in which Mr. Bloom rides at the funeral of the lamented Paddy Dignam. "The felly harshed against the curbstone" becomes *"L'orlo della ruota stridette contro il marciapiede,"* which is no better than saying the flange of the wheel creaked against the sidewalk. But who could do justice to "felly harshed"?

On the other hand, the sound of clinking glasses which Joyce hears as Tschink-tschunk becomes in *Ulisse* Cincian, or approximately Chin-chon. My own experience with glasses, Irish and Italian, is that they sound Tschink-tschunk.

Mr. Bloom's cat cries "Mkgnao," and in the Italian version *la gatta* also cries "Mkgnao," a curious circumstance until we remember that one of Joyce's critics, an Irishman, disputed Joyce's rendering of the cat's cry. I think I have found the answer. We know that domestic animals and birds always express themselves in the language of the land where they live, a fact that explains why a German scholar of great renown who visited England in the nineteenth century could not identify a bird that called Twit twit jug jug jug jug jug jug towhit towhoo. "Your English birds do not sing as well as our German birds," he said.

In the matter of Mr. Bloom's cat it is evident that Joyce, who had lived for years in Trieste and spoke Italian fluently, had carelessly allowed an Irish cat to speak the tongue of Dante and Petrarch. Naturally, the translators let the word stand. One can imagine how pleased they must have been on finding in Dublin a cat that spoke Italian.

—John Ferris.

Through the Looking Glass

ON this somewhat isolated farm there are, I admit, only a few of the inventions which one understands make life really worthwhile. An absent amenity has been color TV. A neighbor who reaches a high plateau in my estimation by owning a forty-two-inch lawnmower he can sit on was sweet-talked recently into buying a color set. He is a person who sees guile in no man.

A few neighbors gathered for the premiere viewing. I had seen color several years ago when lodged more or less at ease in Manhattan. At the time I was in television myself, with thoughts so streaked by black and white that color seemed one more whimsy, like an orange wig on the Beatles.

I am an admirer of color, *e.g.,* the red in a rooster's comb, but nature cannot hold a bayberry candle to the new art shades on television. I submit, for example, the blonde girl seen in an episode of *The Virginian.* She walked down a street in God's country, the while her dress changed from light blue to a bright cherry red and back again. Her hair alternated cleverly between clear strawberry and pale ash-blonde. Her face ranged from dark Charles Addams green under the cheekbones to pastel Bermuda green around the nose and eyes. The pink in her lips moved on and off at will. Remarkable.

A horse galloping over a field showed subtle gradations of chestnut violet in his mane, and on to a stunning purple tail. I had never seen a purple tail. If this is a spectacular sample of what one can expect, I surely want color TV. The forty-two-inch lawnmower was simply an envious dream, like baked Alaska to a sharecropper.

Unlike my neighbor, I am a man who sees guile in everyone, so no salesman need call. I am already sold.

—Robert LaBour.

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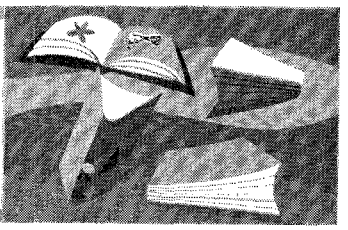
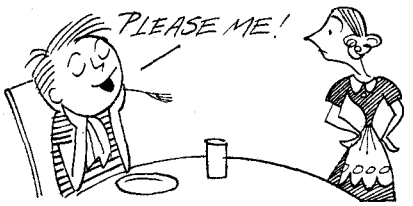
Trade Winds



We are happy to welcome *Chase's Calendar of Annual Events* (Apple Tree Press, Flint, Michigan) again. Without it, we would be in the dark about many things. January, you will be happy to know, launches the beginning of Pest Control Month, Kid-Pleasin' Meals Time, and Rook Month—"to mark the popularity of the Rook Game," of all things. February is host to Frozen Potato Month and



National Kraut and Frankfurter Week, while March, wholly by coincidence, manages to put together two events of great mutual assistance. They are National Salesman's Week and National Shoe Care Week. The latter is bound to help the former in pounding the pavements. We are sure that there is no insidious correlation between two events in May: Mother-in-Law Day and Be Kind to Animals Week, or even one other celebration of that month, National Insect Electrocutor Week.

There is, however, a direct tie-in between Thanksgiving Day and National Indigestion Week, as the baking soda sponsors of the latter occasion freely admit.

To find a common coefficient can sometimes be great sport if you're not interested in sleeping. We've run across a couple of lists that admirably illustrate the point.

For instance, the following are authors, but they have one, and only one, other thing in common:

John Locke, Oliver Goldsmith, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats, Charles Darwin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William James, Thomas Huxley, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Havelock Ellis, Gertrude Stein, Somerset Maugham, Zane Grey, Warwick Deeping, James Joyce, William Carlos Williams, Robinson Jeffers, Michael Arlen, A. J. Cronin, Frank Slaughter.

The following also have one, and only one, thing in common: George Washington, Grover Cleveland, James Buchanan, John Adams, Fred Freed, Andrew Jackson, Irving Gitlin, James Madison, Franklin Pierce.

And this short list follows the same pattern: Skelton, Robards, Todd.

Answers will follow in a future TRADE WINDS column, but we hasten to add that no soda biscuits whatever are offered as prizes.

By now, incidentally, each TRADE WINDS reader who qualified for the contest involving a new sentence to replace "The quick brown fox . . . " should have received his share of the two and a half tons of gourmet cookies which Arnold Bakers of Greenwich, Connecticut, supplied for the winners. If there has been any slip-up somewhere, we'd be glad to see that justice is done. Alan Beerbower of Westfield, New Jersey, sums up the whole incident for us very aptly:

The quick brown fox has jumped
and gone,
The empty liquor jugs remain;
But still the pangrams jingle on
Like clinkers from the fevered brain.

And indeed they do. We walked by the offices of the Olivetti Underwood typewriter company on Fifth Avenue recently, where a sidewalk typewriter is available for any passer-by to test. The

company carefully preserves these graffiti in a file—but only rarely does "The quick brown fox . . . " appear.

Instead, we found some other morsels, which are reproduced below with faithful accuracy:

HOWIE—WHERE ARE YOU? EXCELSIOR, YOU FATHEAD!!! THIS IS NO NIGHT TO BE OUT WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA.

my daddy ate three dinners his name is tubby.

Look at me, I can type/ (almost).

Please help me, I8ve been eaten by a typewriter.

Elizabeth Taylor should marry Norman Mailer if not a sailtor.

Beethhove received a rousing ovation upon the performing of his immartal nineth symphony . . .

One tablet 3 times daily with water.

YOU ARE A FINK FOR READING THIS.

This is ridiculous if you think about

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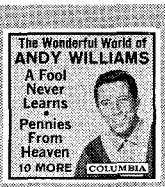


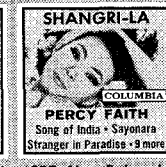
1351. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

1603. Bernstein "at top of his form." — High Fidelity

1301. Also: I Stayed Too Long at The Fair, Gotta Move, etc.

1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all



1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.

1366. Also: Land of Hope and Glory, This Is My Country, etc.

1350. Also: Third Man Theme, Caravan, Solitude, etc.

1093. "A work of genius . . . colossal score!"High Fid.

1296. Six favorites by Ravel, Debussy, Ibert, Chabrier

1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"Kilgallen

1371. Say It, Too Young to Go Steady, Nancy, 8 in all

1594. Also: Tara's Theme, Imagination, Laura, etc.

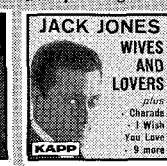
1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1258. Also: Midnight in Moscow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1161. Also: Baby Elephant Walk, Peter Gunn, Mr. Lucky, etc.

1098. "Fierce impact and momentum." — N.Y. World-Telegram



1457. Also: Fly Me to The Moon, Nina Never Knew, etc.

1077. "A master of his instrument." — N. Y. Herald Tribune

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

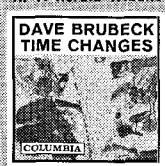
1332. Casey Jones, Waiting for A Train, Chain Gang, 9 in all

1107-1108. Twin-Pack (Counts as Two Selections.) "Zestful . . . a powerful, vital statement!" — HiFi/Stereo Review

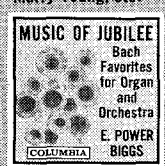
1362. Also: Exodus, Irma La Douce, The Apartment, etc.

1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Got Rhythm, etc.

1196. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos."High Fid.

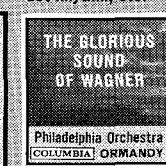


1556. World's Fair, Unisphere, Iberia, Elementals, 2 more

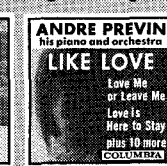


1605. America's most celebrated organist." — Newsweek

1017. Also: Wheel of Fortune, Blueberry Hill, Cry, etc.



1084. Highlights — Tannhauser, Lohengrin, Siegfried, etc.



1521. Also: When I Fall In Love, Like Someone in Love, etc.

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it, I mean standing in the street and typeing, for gosh sakes.

But no more ridiculous, we might add, than the quick brown fox and two and a half tons of ersatz soda biscuits.

When Hollis Alpert, of this organization, yanked the last page of his 200,000-word composite biography *The Barrymores* from his typewriter, he was completing a book that began with a certain amount of misgiving. Although it is now selling with the speed of unleashed beagles, Alpert suddenly realized when he signed the contract with Dial Press that he had no idea of where he could find some Barrymore to talk to.

He began to panic until his wife, Joan, casually mentioned to him that she had acted with John Drew Devereaux in *Life with Mother* at the Empire Theater.

The young nephew of Ethel, Lionel,

and John was invited to the Alperts, and talked into a tape recorder for six hours, bringing out a wealth of intimate material about the family never before published.

When taking on other new books, Alpert now swears he will always consult his wife before he signs the contract.

While driving south from the wilds of Conway, New Hampshire, Brad Boynton writes to report that he ran into a stubborn but generous toll collector on a thruway who told him: "I neither ask nor give quarter."

Harris Danzberger spotted this sign in a Hingham, Mass. bakery: "Part Time Woman Wanted."

And Lilyn Carlton claims that an actor named Ishmael found this note from his agent in his mail box:

"Don't call me, Ishmael; I'll call you."

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1606)

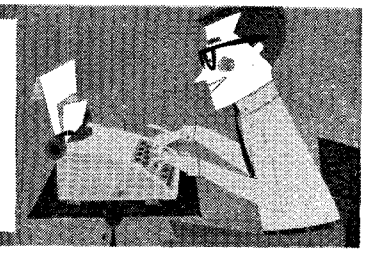
Tay Pryor Thomas:

NIGHT OF TERROR

(Mrs. Lowell Thomas's story of the earthquake in Anchorage region, Alaska)

What extraordinarily calm, cool-headed people these Alaskans were! a special breed of people, made from the same strong mold as early American pioneers, people who still live with the desire to help their neighbors, rather than just outdo them.

Top of My Head



The Comedy Writers

THE LOWEST form of television life is the comedy writer. The comedic script he turns in becomes a target which the star, the guests, the producer, the director, the musicians, and the stage hands shoot full of holes. Often it is these holes that finally turn up on the living room screen.

The script that was enthusiastically received by one and all at the first reading Monday morning is suddenly by Wednesday full of old jokes that everybody has heard; they can't remember where or when. Actually, it was just day before yesterday. At this point the comedy writer, who has been lurking dejectedly around the fringe of the rehearsal hall, is invited socially into the huddle of the star and the guests and they begin to pick his brain.

By this time the writer is so worn down that the brain-pickers don't have a target. Surrounded by all this high-pressure, high-priced glamour, he is now convinced that he, too, has heard the jokes before. He, too, has forgotten it was just this past Monday. But not without putting up a small fight—like, "Well, OK, if you think so." So easily have his integrity, his dignity, his trust in the entire human race gone down the drain.

By Friday the new funny lines have become old and trite and the star will ad lib some other funny lines.

"How's that line?" the star asks the writer.

"Good," says the writer. "Use that one."

To himself he says, "Why didn't I think of that?" He did. That was the line in the original script on Monday. That he can't remember it is understandable. He has spent the intervening days of rehearsal skulking in the shadows of the TV studio dreaming his favorite dream—opening a candy store specializing in jelly beans and licorice whips as a front for an opium den.

That the comedy writer is held in this low estate is evidenced quite often by the press announcements that come out of the networks when a new show is about to be launched.

"Danny Doe has just been signed to head a new comedy variety hour. Also signed are Marlo Doe as producer, Dwight Doe as director, Gary Doe as scenic designer, and Gower Doe as choreographer."

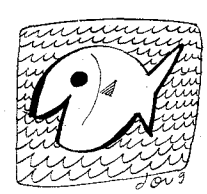
There's a bunch of competent names to conjure with. But not one mention of writers. The show goes on the air and the following day the critics hail Danny Doe as a great new star to head a new comedy variety hour. The following week Danny Doe flops. And the critics all come out and say, "Danny Doe needs better writers." As Danny Doe himself so humorously put it during his second show: "That's the last time I'll buy a joke from Bobby Baker." And again, "I should have known that guy wasn't a writer when he came in with a set of crayons." And yet again, "This writer should go to Vietnam. They can use those bombs."

As a footnote, and for the record, let it be noted that not once during the first show when things went so well did Danny Doe say, "Let's give those writers a raise." Or at least, "All writers are invited to have dinner with me tonight—Dutch, of course."

The comedy-writing problem has become a crucial one in television. Where are the new writers coming from? Year after year old writers (present company not excepted) are dug up in spite of the flop shows they may have written. So the writing business has drifted into a sort of closed shop. The solution, of course, is for the networks to start a school for comedy writers. One such project was developed years ago by CBS and I was placed in charge of a group of six or seven young writers who wanted to make all that easy money. All went on to become professional writers in the medium. Two went on to become playwrights. George Axelrod wrote the long-run *Seven Year Itch* and other plays, and is now a writer for films. The other was Neil Simon, who wrote the current Broadway hit, *Barefoot in the Park*, and has another coming up.

As for the head of that class, he still dreams his dream of a candy shop with jelly beans and licorice whips, and that opium den looks better every year.

—Goodman Ace.



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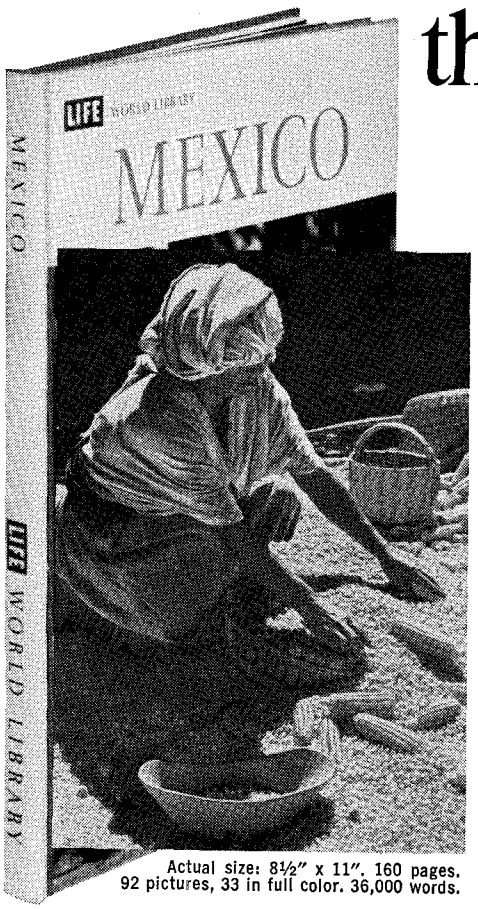

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A turn of the page and you are transported to the abandoned Indian city of Uxmal, rising silently out of a vast, empty plain in northern Yucatán. A few pages further on, you'll attend a rural fiesta where men in caps of monkey fur do a shuffling dance, shaking gourd rattles and waving clay censers.

You'll hear stories of the men who made Mexico. Cortés, the hated Spanish conqueror whose bones were finally hidden to avoid riots. Cuauhtémoc, the Aztec ruler who defied him despite torture, and whose name is honored throughout Mexico today. Father Hidalgo, whose rebel mob of 80,000 vainly tried to liberate Mexico from Spain in 1810 armed with sticks, stones, knives and axes. Santa Anna, the self-styled "Napoleon of the West," who sold part of Arizona and New Mexico to the U.S. to pay his troops. Juárez, the stoic Indian leader with the mystical regard for law, who gave Mexico its constitution. The gentle, high-minded Madero, who launched a decade of bloody revolution. President Cardenas, who ordered the telegraph system to accept free for one hour a day all wires from poor folk to him.

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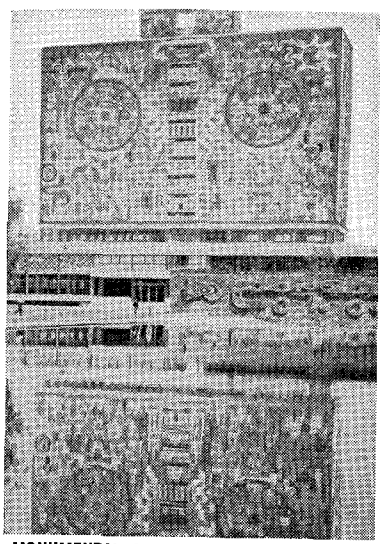
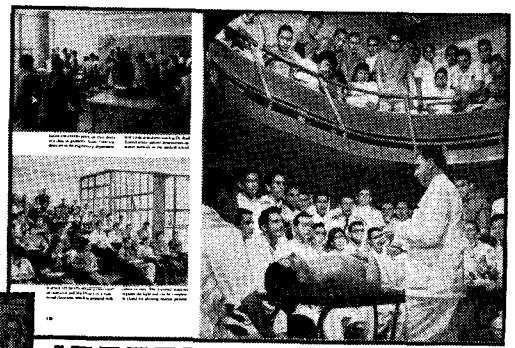


MONUMENTAL MOSAIC symbolically depicting Mexican cultural history covers entire wall of the library of the University of Mexico, noted for its startling architecture.

IN CAFETERIA of state-owned factory in Hidalgo, workers lunch beneath mural depicting rights guaranteed by the constitution.



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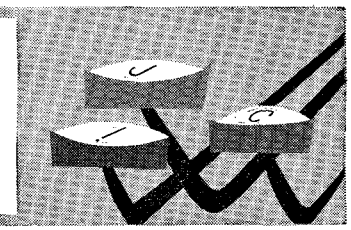
Manner of Speaking



One More Turn: That scream we all just heard was, I shall insist, the New Year turning on its rusty axle. It is always an oddly haunting sound, one of those that seems to come from all directions at once, its origin further confused because we have to hear it through the din of local celebration. The true listener, however, knows certainly that it came from at least interstellar distance. Time, he knows, always comes from afar, though it took man a long history to discover the fact of it.

Ptolemy, for example, thought he had it all located right here. For him there was no far-off scream of time. Time was the near thing. His only idea of farness was a matter of distance outward and away. The stars were far off because they were not near us. It never occurred to Ptolemy that we are far off because we are not near them.

Ptolemy, that is, had his center. He heard the axle grinding right there under his feet, and he persuaded himself that all else spun around that axle, our axle, our central us-ness. So entranced was he by our unique centrality grinding on its kingpin that the grinding was converted to music in his ears. The universe sang for joy as it revolved around us. The spheres vibrated in a blissful harmony that, for modesty's sake, was said to be a *Te deum*, while in effect, of course, everyone knew that what it really sang was *Ecce homo*. Why else would the universal machinery have chosen man to spin around?

It is harder, nowadays, to hear that music. What comes in through the radio-telescope tends to howl and wail. In the nearer reaches there are discordant oddments of satellite junk orbiting through with, I am told, an odd pinging on the radar ear. And our Martian probe, whether or not it stays on course, is somewhere out in the soundless dark between howl and ping, doing whatever an object does in the nowhere between imaginations. What *does* it do? It isn't rocketing through space. Nor howling. Nor cometing. Nor streaking. Nor zooming. Nor going up, down, or sideways. It has left here and we hope it will eventually arrive out there. In some sense, therefore, it must be moving. But we have yet to capture any real sense of what sort of motion that might be. Our computers seem to click away knowledgeably about such things, but how can we arrive at any experience of them until we have lived them into some analogy of ourselves? The chances are that it will be centuries before we live into that analogy. Meanwhile the computers are teaching us that analogy can only certify us in ignorance. Our need to find a comparison we can feel must yield, say the computers, to the fact of the incomparable.

And in the same meanwhile we are all darkly unsure that the human race has left to it the centuries it would take to live into the analogy we must avoid in the first place if the computers are to do their work by click and tick.

Happy whichever New Year that turns out to be. I shan't pretend to understand it. I am just about catching up with analogies for Ptolemy, who is believed to have made his last observation in 151 A.D. and to have turned off on his own screaming axle not long thereafter. As the machinery goes, the best I may be qualified to wish anyone is a happy 151 or 152 A.D. And, yes, Ptolemy may have theorized the wrong machinery of things, but his theory did answer our sense of analogy. Psychically, Everyman is sure he is at the center of it. Those are surely periphery he is looking at in every direction. Let the computers chatter as they please about how far we are from things: we still know, from inside ourselves, that it is things that are far from us. That time-scream from Out There may trouble us a bit when we learn to hear it, but we tell ourselves that it is we, after all, who set up whatever calendar is being screamed at.

THE calendar, of course, is what we hide behind. Nor does it much matter whether we say we are hiding in the year 1965 of the Christian era, the year 1384 of the Mohammedan era, the year 5725 of the Jewish era, or somewhere between the second and third billionth year of the calendar of lead-uranium. I am not at all sure what that rocky calendar of lead-uranium measures, but all others, certainly, measure their own provincialism.

All of them, I am afraid, are too obsolescent to wish anyone a lasting New Year on. For there are no provinces any more, except dying ones. The provinces have been swept aside by airwaves, by jet, and by rocket. The last remaining provinces are not really places to be reached, but habits to be overcome; which is to say, wooed from their sense of central rightness.

Whichever year this one turns out to be on whatever calendar measures, let me wish it to you as the year that changes habits, particularly such habits as we have learned to call—among too many other bad ones—Vietnam, Red China, Nationalist China, the Congo, and Mississippi. No one need really be misled by the fact that we have given them place names. They are not places at all, but only habituated efforts to stay off the calendar or to set up their own calendars for their own purposes. The problem, of course, is to keep such habits from evolving into an atomic tantrum that will blast all measurement back to bedrock and lead-uranium. Alas, that the only key to that problem seems to be a dreary and painful patience. I wish us all the year of that patience.

FOR, of course, we all remember a provincialism called the Frontier, and of course we should all like to get in there and blast. The trouble with playing Sheriff Hellfire, however, is that we have to bear in mind that if one trigger is pulled, the other trigger is sure to go off in an instantaneous reflex. There will be hope so long as no one pulls the big trigger. I wish us that year, again and again.

And let me find some hope in the fact that in whatever year we have just finished, Americans came up to a national election in which they sensed those cocked triggers, and decided overwhelmingly to hold their fire. I don't know what comes next, but at least we are still on our slow way to it, and the hope may be in the slowness. Slowness is all: hope's end, you may be sure, will be a cataclysmic instant.

It may be worth remembering that it took the Pope nineteen hundred and thirty-four years to acquit the Jews of the silly charge of having murdered Christ. It may seem almost barbaric to have to turn that much ritual machinery in answer to an absurdity. Yet, as Everyman's Ptolemaic ghost has illusion as its habitat and absurdity as its diet, the word had to be said and only the total machinery could speak it. What the Pope was trying to do, and what we must all honor him for in that and his subsequent actions, was the essence of our years: he was trying to get us all on the same calendar. To that meeting, certainly, we must all come in time, or leave time forever.

That meeting will not be soon, as heaven and the screaming axle know. But until that year, every year will be the same old one again, and without much to wish any man in. It is the New Year of that other calendar I should like to wish us to, for only there can we wish one another well enough.

And that, let me believe, is what the axle screamed. —JOHN CIARDI.

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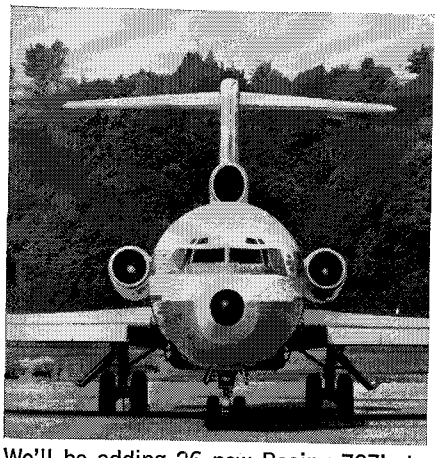

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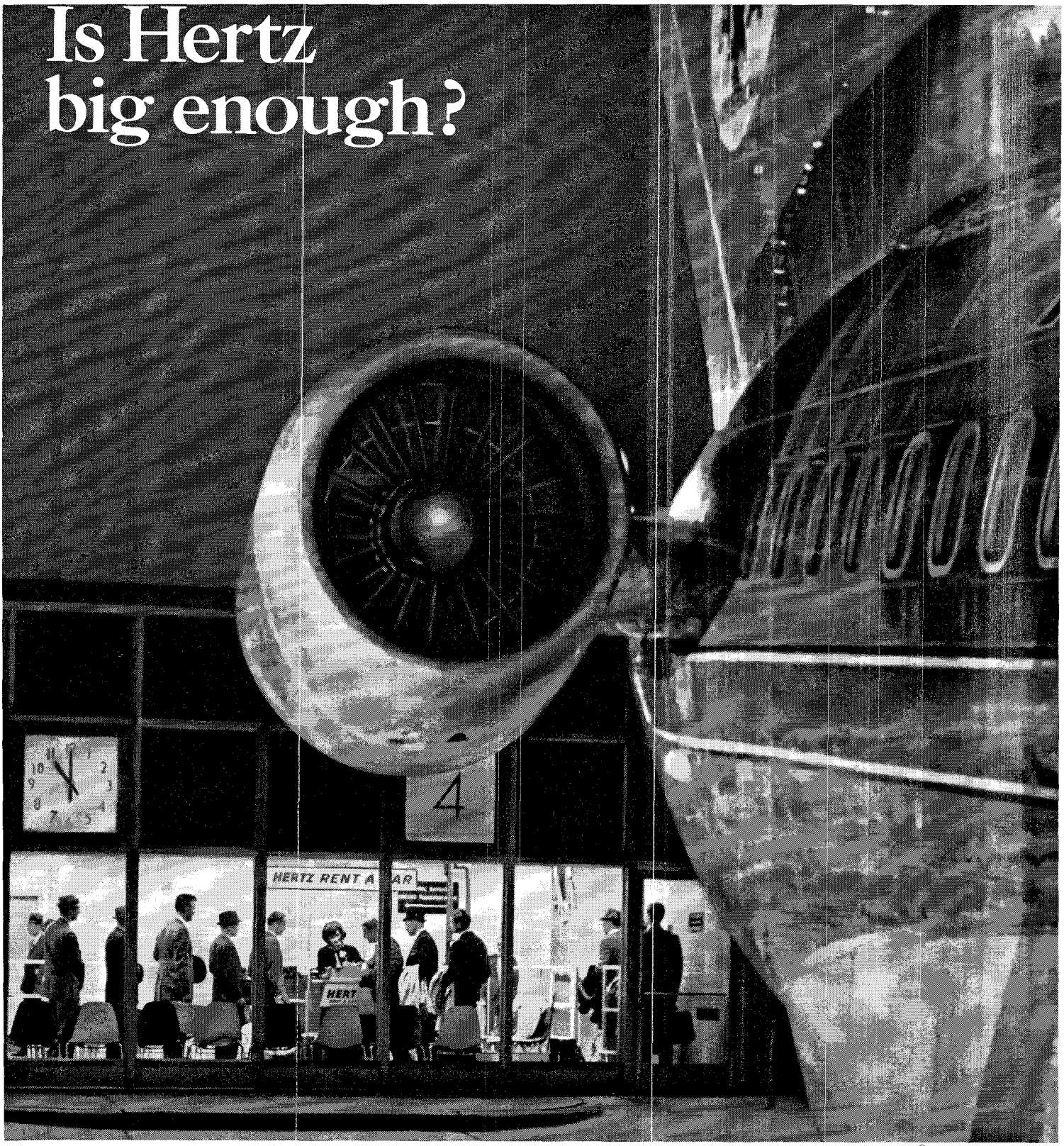

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Saturday Review
January 23, 1965

The New Architecture Of U.S. Cities

"I PROPOSE that we launch a national effort to make the American city a better and more stimulating place to live. . . . An educated and healthy people require surroundings in harmony with their hopes. In our urban areas the central problem today is to protect and restore man's satisfaction in belonging to a community where he can find security and significance. The first step is to break old patterns. . . ."

With those words President Johnson, in his State of the Union Message this month, underscored both the size of the problem and the scope of the promise to be found in the American city today. Much of urban America is uniquely valuable, much is potentially so, and much is hopelessly anachronistic. It becomes especially appropriate, therefore, to ask: What is the state of America's man-made landscape today and in what direction must it move?

To explore that question, *SR* asked the following expert observers for their views: Peter Blake, newly appointed editor of *Architectural Forum*; Wolf Von Eckardt, architecture critic for the Washington *Post*; Katharine Kuh, art editor of *SR*; Allan Temko, a member of the Center for Planning and Development Research at the University of California at Berkeley; Margaret R. Weiss, photography editor of *SR*; and Benjamin Polk, an architect practicing in New York City. Their responses appear on the following pages. —THE EDITORS.

—*SR Photo by N.C.*

The new glass face of New York. →

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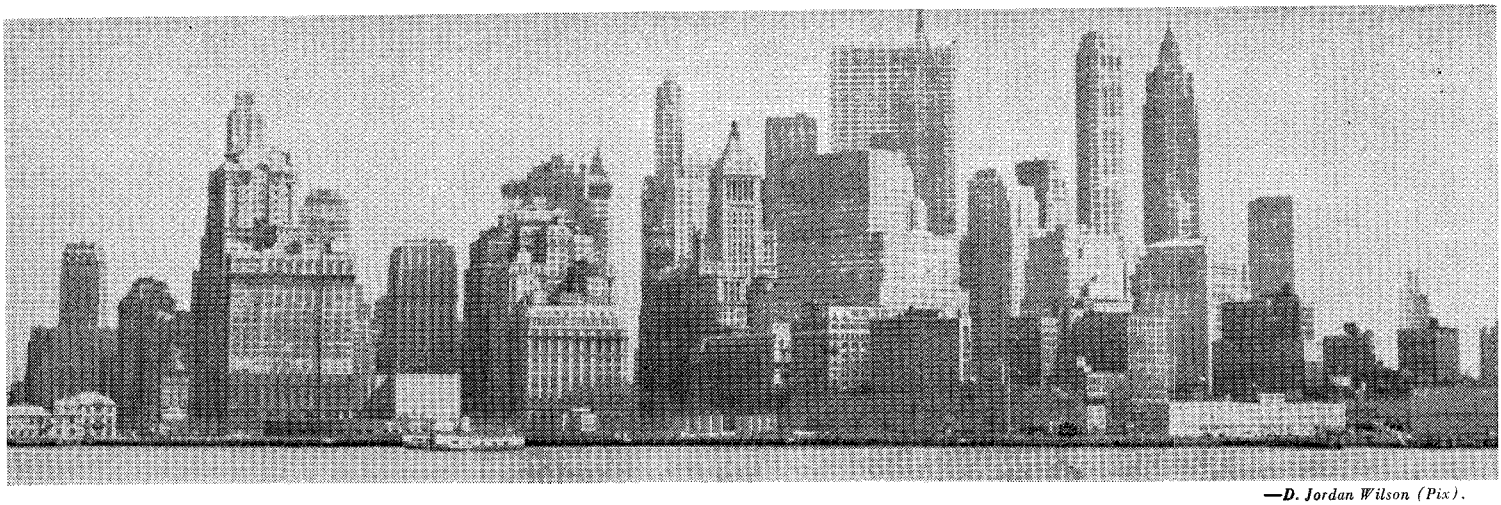

—*D. Jordan Wilson (Pix).*

CAN NEW YORK BE SAVED?

By PETER BLAKE

"THE greatest shock, disappointment, thrill, astonishment of one's first visit to New York is the discovery of what an *old* place it is," Dr. Reyner Banham, the rarely shocked British architectural historian and critic, wrote the other day. That's it, of course: we have been thinking of ourselves as a "young country" for close to 400 years now, and we New Yorkers have been thinking of ourselves as the most modern place anywhere for at least half that long. In other words, we've been making old fools of ourselves, and the time has come to put an end to this nonsense.

Architecture is a perfectly good place to start. Well, we do have some very nice "modern" buildings—a dozen or so—scattered through Manhattan (which is what we provincials, who live here, think of when we list "New York" as our address); but apart from those dozen or so very nice "modern" buildings (about which there will be more said in a moment), we have hundreds, possibly thousands, of buildings of such historic value, of such extraordinary rarity as examples of their period, that any knowledgeable foreign architect visiting Manhattan for the first time quite simply flips his lid when shown some of them—and then proceeds to flip his lid a second time when told that those whom we euphemistically call our "City Fathers" are busy plotting to destroy these marvels of our architectural heritage.

Still, there *is* that impression that most foreign and domestic first visitors to New York get of our townscape—that first impression of great modernity. They get that impression despite the fact that many of our subways are so filthy that no self-respecting rat would use them; that our air and our waterways are largely polluted; that our automobile traffic has long been frozen into rigor mortis; that most of our housing is so hideous that even some of Moscow's grim apartment blocks look almost cheerful by comparison; and despite the fact that our total incompetence in matters modern is demonstrated, almost as if in parody, by the activities of most of our so-called planners—who seem, more often, to plan singly against one another than jointly for the common good of our "modern" city.

What those who call us "modern" really mean, then, is that we are big. And there is, of course, something terribly impressive about sheer size—and something very "modern" too.

The bigness that you see most dramatically is that view of Manhattan upon approaching it from the sea. There it is, like Mont-St.-Michel, rising out of the waters, only a million times larger than Mont-St.-Michel, a million times larger than life. It's quite a sight; and the voyager from abroad might be well advised to drop anchor right there, have his meals delivered by helicopter from *Le Pavillon*, and (after having had his fill of the vista) return to his native shores.

Alas, most of those voyagers insist upon stepping ashore. And those among them who are architects from other lands—individually or in massive delegations—seem to make a beeline to the nearest (non-vandalized) phone booth on Pier 84, and call us up at our editorial offices to make an appointment. Within hours, there they are, individually and/or massively. "What we would like to see, of course, is the latest and best modern architecture in New York," they say. "Have you a list?" We look out the window, and recite, absent-mindedly: Seagram (*absolute must*—but don't tell your visitors that New York City has just punished Seagram's owners for the beauty they have contributed by hiking the building's taxes sky-high); Pepsi-Cola (it just won a prize, and rightly so, but it, too, has been subjected to the tax assessor's harassment); the Guggenheim (our only piece by Frank Lloyd Wright—but don't tell your visitors about all the trouble "they" made for him while he was trying to get it up; and don't mention our only piece by Wright's teacher, Louis Sullivan, down at 65 Bleecker Street, and the shameful way that beautiful Bayard Building of 1898 has been neglected); mention Kips Bay, of course (but don't tell them how its builder, Bill Zeckendorf, finally lost the best apartment project built in Manhattan because the rules of our game penalize the man who wants to build well and reward the man who doesn't); mention the Museum of Modern Art, with its new additions (but gloss over the fact that a city administration that has permitted even mobile billboards—on city buses—has recently found time sternly to investigate the Modern Museum's chaste sign, because it sticks out a couple of inches farther than it should); and mention the Chase Manhattan Building downtown, and the Manufacturers Hanover Trust at Forty-third and Fifth and, of course, the CBS Building now rising on Sixth Avenue and Fifty-third (but be sure your visitors are blindfolded until they actually get there, so they are spared some of the new architectural cosmetics nearby); and mention Lincoln Center (except, perhaps, to Italian visitors, since there have been some naughty comments, re-

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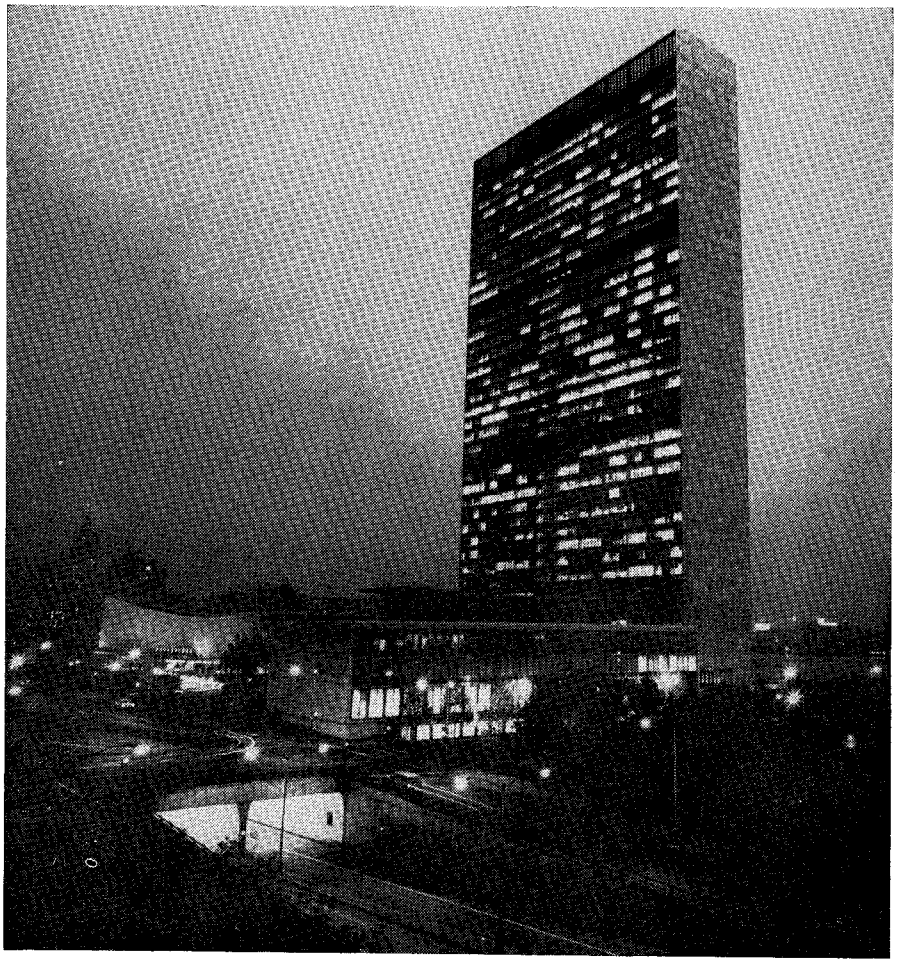
cently, from that land about "Mussolini Modern"). Add a few other tidbits such as certain clearly specified views of Nervi's bus terminal at the New York end of the George Washington Bridge (but *not* the interiors, decorated by the Port Authority, and not, alas, the profile of the once graceful bridge itself; for it is now double-decked, which has robbed it of much of its grace). And that's just about all there is to it.

The visitors, of course, are very polite. But some are unable to hide their disappointment. "We thought . . . now that Lever House is almost fifteen years old . . . there would be more . . . " Well, you say, it's like this: now and then an enlightened corporation (don't mention that Lever fired its president because . . .)—now and then an enlightened corporation, like Seagram, like CBS, like Pepsi-Cola, and so forth (it's a short-enough list, easy to memorize)—now and then an enlightened corporation decides to make a significant architectural contribution to the city, and is willing to pay the price (don't go into details!) But, most of the time, buildings are put up by speculators who are interested in piling up as much cubage on their sites as the law permits as fast and cheaply as possible, and never mind how well the cubage is designed or built, because the tax laws allow you to write off the cost of your building so fast that you'd be a fool not to sell out after seven or eight years; and so the next owner is going to have to worry about the maintenance bills if they are high—and, anyway, there's no pride of ownership involved because there really is no owner, just an anonymous syndicate; and even if there were a single owner, he'd be the ex-owner so fast that there would be little time for any wholesome pride to mount in his breast.

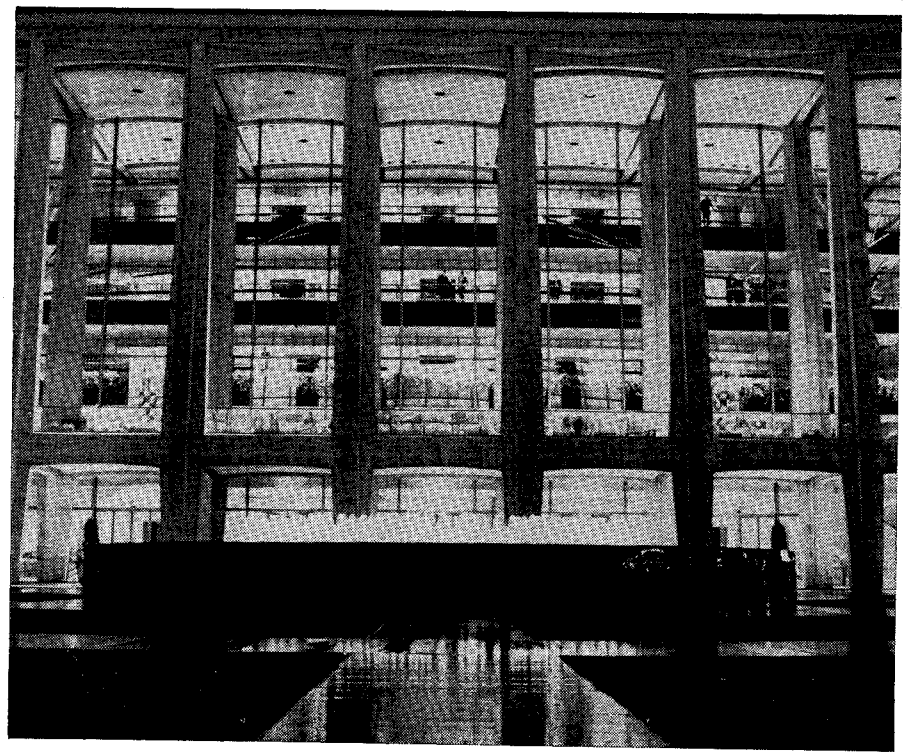
The visitors, still polite, don't dig any of this—isn't this the richest city in the richest nation in the world? Aren't our architects the most talented to be found just about anywhere today? And what about all those great art collectors in the United States—why don't they collect America's greatest art?

It is usually at this point that you decide to take your visitors on a little trip to see something they are likely to remember for a long time to come. You pick a weekend (because during the week that part of town, like most others, is made inaccessible by trucks, buses, and so on), and you take them down to Broadway and about Eighth Street, and you start walking south. Left and right, along Broadway, and off on some of the side streets, all the way down to around Worth Street, you show them what was built in New York in the second half of the last century: the fantastic almost forgotten period of our architectural history that began with the patented in-



—D. Jordan Wilson (Pix).

The U.N. Building—New look for a new world.



—Paul J. D. King.

Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall—"Mussolini Modern"?

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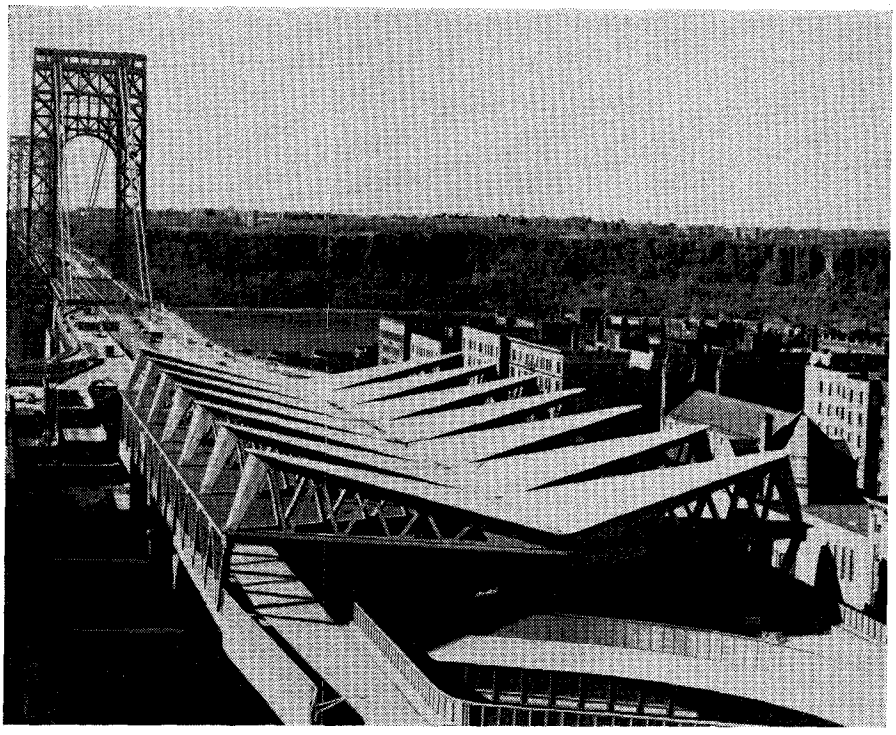

—*Pix.*

George Washington Bridge Bus Station, designed by Italy's Dr. Pier Luigi Nervi.

vention, in 1848, by one genius, James Bogardus, of a system of prefabricated cast-iron-and-glass façades, generally five stories high.

For here in this dingy, dim, abandoned part of Manhattan there still exists one of the great collections of America's greatest art—a collection of perhaps 1,000 buildings some of which antedate the Seagram by 100 years, and many of which have more glass per square foot of façade than even that lovely bronze tower on Park Avenue.

Here, for example, at Broadway and Broome Street, there is the store designed by J. P. Gaynor in 1857—all cast iron and glass, and equipped with the first passenger-elevator ever installed in New York. Across Broome Street, a couple of buildings from the corner, is a marvelous arched-iron-and-glass building, designed by God-knows-whom, and housing, among other tenants, the Abby Slip Cover Company. It was probably built around 1880, and it is at least as daring a piece of metal-and-glass acrobatics as the famous *Maison du Peuple*, designed and built by Baron Horta in Brussels around 1897. *La Maison du Peuple* is currently threatened by the international conspiracy of urban modernizers; but while the threat to Horta's building has raised a world-wide storm, the threat to the Abby Slip Cover home hasn't excited anyone.

A short distance uptown from these two gems, on the other side of the street, there is a really fabulous structure, the Singer Sewing Machine Building at 561 Broadway, created by Ernest Flagg around 1900 of cast iron—but mostly glass. When it was just completed, someone wrote that "no other architect has ever so frankly accepted the situation which the skyscraper presents and submitted it to such brainwork." (That particular "skyscraper" was and is all of twelve stories high.) About sixty years later, *Architectural Forum* said about the Seagram Building that "in its over-all concept, in its details . . . [it] challenges accepted skyscraper practice all the way down the line. . . . [Its] utter simplicity . . . belies the painstaking effort that went into the design. . . ." Seagram, of course, is more than three times as high as Singer, and it is a great deal less ornate. Yet the two are, literally, brothers-under-the-skin—although "brothers" separated by more than two generations.

Up and down Broadway, east and west of Broadway, there are these marvels and many more: there is the old New York Mercantile Exchange, designed in 1882 by H. J. Schwarzmann; and down a bit from Abby Slip Cover, at 462 Broadway, there is still another almost-all-glass building, with a façade made up of the most elegant and delicate of cast-iron columns. Alas, its ground floor has been "improved" with granite veneer (looking like petrified salami) and metal. Up and down Broadway the American past comes to life. Somewhere near the Broome Street store there is a lovely building with a subtly off-beat façade; to the northeast of the store, on Bleecker, is the Sullivan job, referred to earlier. (It's faced with terra cotta and glass, but the "bones" are the same as those of the Singer Building.) And on every side street there are innumerable architectural gems, anonymous, occupied today by odd outfits that make leather soles, or burlap, or pulp.

What makes these buildings so significant—other than their exquisite detail?

It is two things, I think. First, the Bogardus patent of 1848 in effect laid the groundwork for multi-story prefabrication. Some day someone will write a book about Bogardus, and every New Yorker should read it. For this engineer, whose mind was as far-out as that of Buckminster Fuller in our time, literally invented all there was to invent about so-called curtain walls—only he realized, a hundred years before his time, that curtain walls could be made both delicate enough to look through without obstruction, and strong enough to be load-bearing. His prefabricated walls were manufactured in ironworks both in New York and just ouside the city. There were the Badger Iron Works, of 44-46 Duane Street, which prefabricated a great many of the finest iron façades. Badger's imprint, and that of others, can be found, under dozens of coats of brown or black paint, on many of the old façades along lower Broadway. The Bogardus patent seems like a fairly obvious invention to us today—but only because it was all "reinvented" fifty to seventy-five years later, in the U.S. and in Europe, and hailed then as the most advanced sort of technology around.

The second thing that makes the Cast Iron Age so significant in the history of Western architecture is the great unity, the marvelous cohesiveness that the Bogardus style lent to the streets around lower Broadway. Despite all the rag merchants with their garish signs, despite all the neon-lit cafeterias, these are the few remaining unified streets in America. What Bogardus did was not merely to invent a new kind of technology; he also invented a new kind of order. And we can learn a great deal from both.

By this time, our foreign visitor has flipped his lid for the first time—and how! There are one or two buildings of the Cast Iron Age in some European cities; but nowhere (to the best of my knowledge) is there a complete, comprehensive, town-sized museum of this marvelous period in full operation.

But then, in all fairness, you must tell your visitor from abroad what is about to happen to this last preserve. You must tell him about the Lower Manhattan Expressway and you must tell him that those benign "City Fathers" of ours are going to slash right through the Broome Street district, destroying that store and that vaulted loft and close to 200 other buildings of similar quality—an act little

(*Continued on page* 59)

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THE AGE OF ANTI-ARCHITECTURE

By WOLF VON ECKARDT

ARCHITECTURE is "in." Discussion of new buildings has graduated from newspaper real estate sections to the front pages and to all kinds of magazines. Names like Mies van der Rohe, Paul Rudolph, Louis Kahn, Philip Johnson, and Ed Stone are dropped at cocktail parties as easily as those of nightclub performers and golf champions. And the American Institute of Architects boasted to its members not long ago that architects have attained such status now that they are featured in whiskey ads.

What's more, the President of the United States has recently said what architects and cantankerous critics have been lamenting for years: "Our society will never be great until our cities are great. . . . We must act to prevent an ugly America."

Nor was it a sweet promise, but a rather frightening fact, when Mr. Johnson added that "in the next forty years we must rebuild the entire urban United States." The continuing proliferation of people, automobiles, and new concepts of progress demand it, he said, Our metropolitan centers are expanding at such a rate that we must build the equivalent of one whole new Chicago every year, devouring a million acres of countryside.

But how promising is that whole new Chicago? How much will the Mieses or Rudolphs or Kahns or Johnsons have to do with it? Is there really any hope that our newly prestigious architects will bring order, let alone greatness, into our urban mess? Will all these new houses, highrises, and highways add up to a man-made environment that is pleasant to live in and a joy to behold?

The answer, I'm afraid, is far from auspicious. Some of our famous architects and urban designers are undoubtedly great—not many, but some. But we don't have, as other periods of history did, great architecture. Not one of our new architectural heroes, as painter William Walton has remarked, has as yet come up with a gas station design that we would want to use around the country, not to speak of a low-rent apartment building. And where, for rich or poor, is the simple bathtub that respects the human anatomy enough that we can read the Sunday *Times* comfortably in it?

Part of our dilemma is, of course, that nobody has ever asked a good architect to design a handsome gas station prototype, and the local authorities rarely bother competent designers with low-rent apartments, although the federal housing agencies are beginning to encourage them to do so. Great architecture, as the truism has it, needs great clients. And we have only a handful or two like the late A. Whitney Griswold of Yale, who commissioned a veritable outdoor museum of modern architecture; or Frank Stanton of CBS, who really worried along with with the late Eero Saarinen to put up a decent skyscraper in New York; or Jacqueline Kennedy, who sought the advice of fifteen of the world's greatest designers and then scouted personally and patiently until she and her family selected I. M. Pei to design the Kennedy Library at Harvard.

But if great architecture, in a democracy, is to add up to great cities, a majority of their citizens must want to commission it. Yet as patrons of a decent man-made environment we, the American people, couldn't do worse. Perhaps we are beginning to care a little more now than did our parents, who could always move farther west when things got too messy. The last generation let the industrial revolution overrun our cities, their waterfronts and surroundings with its factories, railroad tracks, warehouses, slums, grime, and decay. We don't seem to be able to get out from under these mistakes. But we haven't learned either. We still act as

Human values, architectural delights—view of Procida, Italy.

—Myron Goldfinger.

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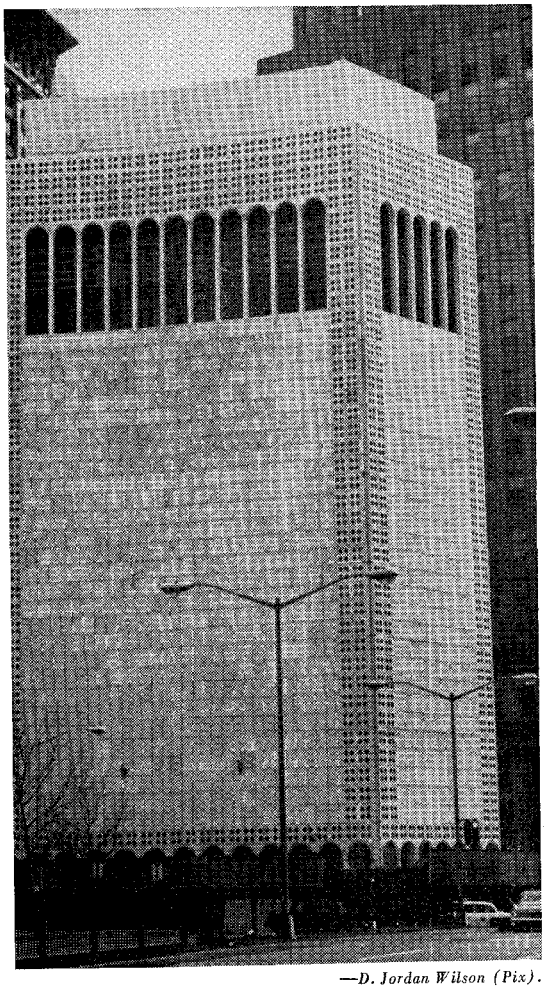


—D. Jordan Wilson (Pix).

Pop architecture—Huntington Hartford Gallery in New York.

though we had infinite space to overrun. And affluence, dawning enlightenment, cultural explosion, or no, when it comes to the esthetics and livability of the environs beyond our wall-to-wall carpeted homes and their well-groomed lawns, we are ignorant, prejudiced, stingy, greedy, bewildered, and destructive. Our sophistication about a few isolated architectural masterpieces is of very little help. Neither are their builders.

Why, to begin with, don't we demand handsome filling stations? Why don't we insist that our highway departments invite capable architectural designers to give some grace and urbanity to their spaghetti ramps, bridges, overpasses, and underpasses as they bring their concrete ribbons into the city? Why don't we force our home builders to work with trained planners and architects before they subdivide our countryside and scatter their suburban slums of tomorrow? Why don't we compel the power and telephone companies to bury our wires and cables instead of putting them overhead? Why don't we have laws to preserve our urban parks and worthy old buildings, which should be at least as important to us as whooping cranes? Are we, in fact, really aware of what action "to prevent an ugly America" means? Or will we be satisfied to scatter a few shrubs and flowerpots around to add to the urban clutter?

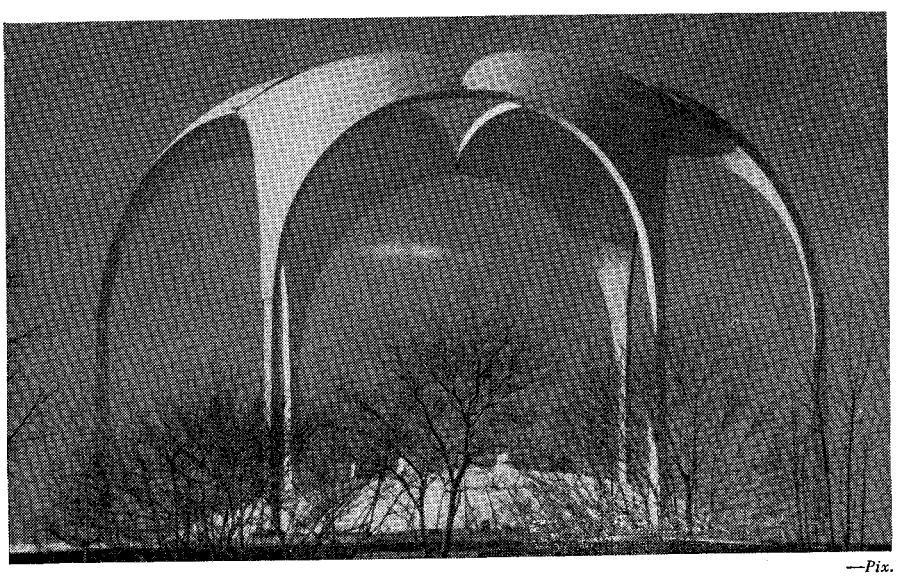
Action for order and livability means design and planning as an accepted necessity of modern civilization, much like professional medical check-ups and traffic regulations. Though few of our designers and architects are really good, they are, as a class, at least as competent as our medical doctors. Yet, according to the most optimistic guesstimates, less than a quarter of all that is built in this country is designed by esthetically trained professionals. We now have planning commissions in most cities. But none of them has been given authority to do more than engage in abstract exercises that everyone then quarrels about. Hence the mess.

At the root of the problem is ignorance of the esthetic and practical value of design. Though, again, their federal administrators are beginning to tell them, local highway officials simply refuse to believe that a freeway running through a densely settled neighborhood must be designed differently from a superhighway running through open country. A private owner of a city-wide bus system let his artistically inclined wife determine the lettering style of his company. It's awful. But there seemed some hope when the transit authorities in his city were at last persuaded that the bus signs were confusing the patrons and were given federal money to see what might be done to improve them. The idea was that more people would then ride their buses. Hopes wilted somewhat, however, when they hired not the best graphic designer they could find, but the one who bid the lowest hourly fee.

Brutally destructive freeways and bad graphics, however, are but part of our environmental problem. So is the stinginess that perpetuates mediocrity and turns every attempt to put a mosaic on the bare wall of a school building, say, into a major municipal scandal. There is also the greed of our real estate speculators and builders who squeeze every inch of rentable space out of their cheap and shoddy constructions. Their buildings—and that means most of ours—are not designed for firmness, commodity, and delight, but engineered for profit. It's only after this engineering is done that some architect is permitted to wrap up the building in a façade. More often than not it is some perversion of the *dernier cri* from the offices of the prestigious masterbuilders at Yale or New York.

The guts of the problem is thus that most of our building just happens and it happens very badly. We let it happen very badly not so much because we are powerless (after all, we do protect whooping cranes and enforce health and traffic regulations), but because we have only very vague and indifferent notions about what, in terms of modern life and our uncertain esthetics, we expect great architecture that adds up to great cities to be. In fact, some of us want to abandon and perhaps abolish the city altogether.

Oh yes, in institutional ads and exhibits at museums of modern art of a decade or two ago we have all seen the visions of "the city of the future" that are now, thank Heaven, passé. It was the city of speed where broad superhighways raced straight to their diminishing point at the distant horizon. The vast, flat desert in between was planted at regular and enormous intervals with towering slabs. They built a city like that at Brasília and I found it a Dali-esque nightmare. A good many very inhuman housing projects in this country, with their huge dead spaces between the apartment-house slabs, derive from this vision. Jane Jacobs, with her keen and impassioned *The Death and Life of*



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Pop architecture—Johnson's Wax Building, New York World's Fair.

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Great American Cities, did probably more than anyone else to debunk this anti-city approach to city building.

So now we travel (whether we have read her or not, so pervasive is her influence) to Jane Jacobs's Greenwich Village and, more importantly, to the old cities of Europe, and the journey is rewarding. We dimly begin to perceive the human values and architectural delights of bustling markets and narrow, winding streets, of plazas and vistas suddenly surprising us around a corner, and of well-placed towers that play peek-aboo and orient us. The human values of this kind of city architecture are the values of the town and its agora, the spontaneous meeting place for people where commerce, entertainment, art worship, and bringing up children combine into what is called culture. Its architectural delights are not only those of enthralling spaces and symphonic façades. They are not confined to that one great temple or corporation palace. Delight is inherent in the arrangement of buildings, the open spaces between them, the unity and harmony of their setting, and the restraint that makes the town and the agora possible. The individual building, in fact, is important only insofar as it enhances the ensemble and helps to make a street a street, a plaza a plaza, a vista exciting, and a tower a cheering surprise. In this city, which is not built for speed but for people, man, to use another hackneyed phrase, is the measure. It is built, as the architects are so fond of saying, to human scale.

We begin to perceive all this. But just about everything we, the American people, believe and do hinders the realization of this concept. Some of these anti-architectural, anti-urban beliefs are embalmed in our archaic building codes, others in zoning regulations, still others in the inflexible biases of our mortgage bankers. These three draw up the blueprint for our habitat before the city planners and architects ever get a chance.

The building codes are devised not only to protect the public against the hazards of poor construction, fire, crowding, and insufficient sanitation. Most of them also protect our reactionary building-trade unions and building product manufacturers against the technological advances of the twentieth century. They are written and upheld not to give us economical, well-functioning buildings but giant featherbeds of brick and stone.

Our zoning is obsessed with rigid segregation of land use and income groups. It carefully sets aside the areas where we may live and the areas where we may shop, work, amuse ourselves, or meet other people spontaneously—as though these things were not part of living. And within the residential areas zoning establishes a caste system more rigid than any that ever prevailed in India. There are high-income neighborhoods and middle-income neighborhoods and the ghettos for the poor.

Star performance—Eero Saarinen's CBS Building in New York.

We want it that way. Most stalwart citizens' associations subscribe to the view recently pronounced by the Independent Citizens of Adams-Morgan (a section of Washington, D.C.) who include Negroes among their members. To help the rehabilitation of this run-down area the city officials proposed to buy the few scattered houses whose owners would refuse to renovate. The city would then spruce them up at public expense in return for letting poor families live in them. The Independent Citizens let out a sustained howl of protest. Such "scattered-site public housing," they declared, "would downgrade the entire city." The liberal city fathers, in the end, seemed to agree with them.

The real downgrading of the entire

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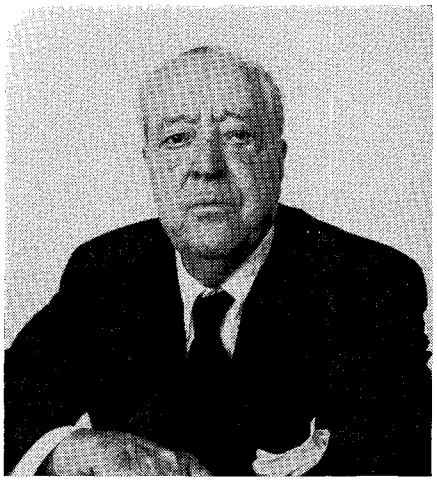
MIES VAN DER ROHE: *Modern Classicist*



—*Aaron Siskind.*

Mies van der Rohe—a question of truth.

MIES VAN DER ROHE, distinguished dean of modern architecture, was born in Aachen, Germany, in 1886. As director of the Bauhaus in Dessau and Berlin from 1930 to 1933, and as director of the Illinois Institute of Technology's School of Architecture in Chicago from 1938 until he retired in 1958 to devote full time to architecture, Mies made history as an educator. But more important is the history he made as a builder. Innumerable honors have come to him from Mexico, Germany, Britain, Italy, France, and the United States. In 1963 he was the first architect to receive the United States Medal of Freedom.

The following interview took place last month in Mies's Chicago office. On a nearby wall hung an enlarged photograph of a 1919 Berlin drawing, a project for a glass skyscraper that was never built. Opposite stood the scale model of a modern art museum now being constructed in West Berlin. Though separated by forty-five years, these two buildings are each characterized by the same flawless purity, the same uncompromising clarity that we recognize as Mies van der Rohe's signature.

—KATHARINE KUH.

MRS. KUH: Which do you consider your most important buildings?

MIES: My whole life has been a search for good architecture. Everything I've read (and I've read a lot in my life) was directed toward finding an answer to the question of truth. What is this thing called truth? Everyone uses the word but who can really explain it? To learn that truth is relative requires a long search. It took me years to find out, to find out how to make a clear, honest construction. My entire life has been one trip in that direction—so no single building stands out.

In the beginning I worked with small units. At the time I started I still had to grow up. When I was young, mostly small houses came my way. Of my European work, the Tugendhat House [Brno, Czechoslovakia, 1930] is considered outstanding, but I think only because it was the first modern house to use rich materials, to have great elegance. At that time modern buildings were still austerely functional. I personally don't consider the Tugendhat House more important than other works that I designed considerably earlier.

Another example is the German Pavilion at the Barcelona Exposition, built a half-year earlier. You know there were already seventeen enormous general buildings – really palaces – planned for the exhibition when representatives of the German government heard that France and England were each putting up separate national pavilions. So they decided to have one, too. I asked, "For what purpose?" They said, "We don't know—just build a pavilion, but not too much glass!" If I'd used brick, the pavilion would have been equally good architecture (I like brick), but I doubt if it would have become as celebrated, for this was really the first modern building to use rich materials, even before the Tugendhat House.

QUESTION: Which projects have you designed that you most regret were never built?

MIES: I never regret. I knew, for instance, that the glass skyscraper I designed in Germany around 1920 would never be built. I designed it for a competition. As a matter of fact, nothing was built; the whole project was dropped. I realized that at the time Germany was not ready for my design but I was interested in the idea. I did it for that reason, not to win a competition.

Much later—in Chicago in 1954—I designed a square building with no interior columns, 720 feet by 720 feet, planned as a convention hall. I'll tell you why I particularly wanted to design that building. When I was young I started with simple brick structures, then went on to larger buildings like the Barcelona Pavilion and then to office buildings. I had already tried to solve these various types of construction, but during my life one type was still missing —an enormous open building. Of course, by this time I'd put up Crown Hall at Illinois Institute of Technology; yet I had never designed a structure of really monumental quality until the convention hall.

QUESTION: Would it be possible for this design to be used elsewhere?

MIES: Of course. I don't feel site is *that* important. I am first interested in a good building; then I place it in the best possible spot.

QUESTION: What is a good building?

MIES: That's the question I'm pursuing—the question of truth. Long ago I knew that architecture had to be related to our time, but now I feel it can *only* be the expression of our civilization.

QUESTION: Are you saying that your architecture is a reaction against the chaos around us?

MIES: Yes, in a sense, but it is more than that. It is very difficult to define our civilization. And it is far different to put this thought into words than to build it.

QUESTION: Do you design for yourself or for your client?

MIES: I build not for myself, not for my client. I build for the sake of architecture.

QUESTION: Do you consider over-all design more important than the needs of people using your buildings?

MIES: I think personal needs are taken care of in all my buildings, but not personal whims. There is an aphorism by Goethe—"It is neither core nor shell—it is all one." The interior and exterior of

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my buildings are one—you can't divorce them. The outside takes care of the inside.

Modern buildings of our time are so huge that one must group them. Often the space between these buildings is as important as the buildings themselves. I'm working now on a project for San Francisco, a group of three structures—two apartment buildings and one for recreation. Important to me is how these buildings are related to each other. You can see an example of this here in Chicago. In the group of apartments between 860 and 900 Lake Shore Drive we purposely opened up the surrounding and intervening space; now this space is being filled up with additional buildings. How ridiculous!

QUESTION: From your experience as director of the Bauhaus and later of the School of Architecture at Illinois Institute of Technology, do you feel that architecture can be taught?

MIES: You can teach students how to work; you can teach them technique—how to use reason; you can even give them a sense of proportions—of order. You can teach general principles. If a man knows these principles he is at least able to reach his potential, and this differs, of course, for each student. But the different potentials are not the teacher's problem. As far as I was concerned, every student working under me was given the same problem—only in order to make the general principles clearer.

Some students you simply cannot teach. What's important is not to act as if every one is a genius. As I have often said, architecture starts when you carefully put two bricks together. There it begins.

When I came to the Illinois Institute of Technology I figured we'd have about twenty students a year and if there were two good ones each year, that meant ten in five years. I thought we really only needed two good ones to change Chicago.

QUESTION: From the beginning did you start in the direction you have consistently followed?

MIES: Yes—I've simply tried to make

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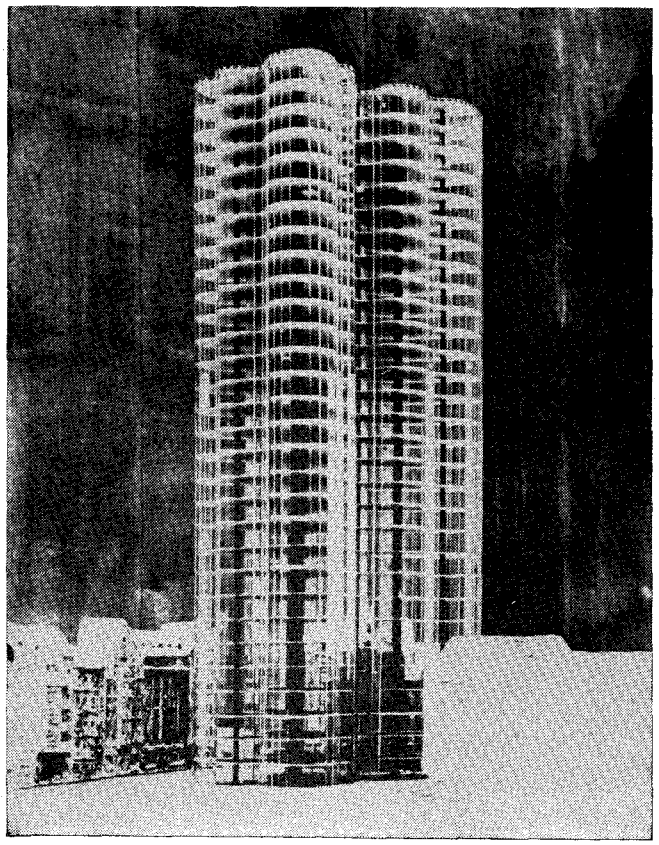
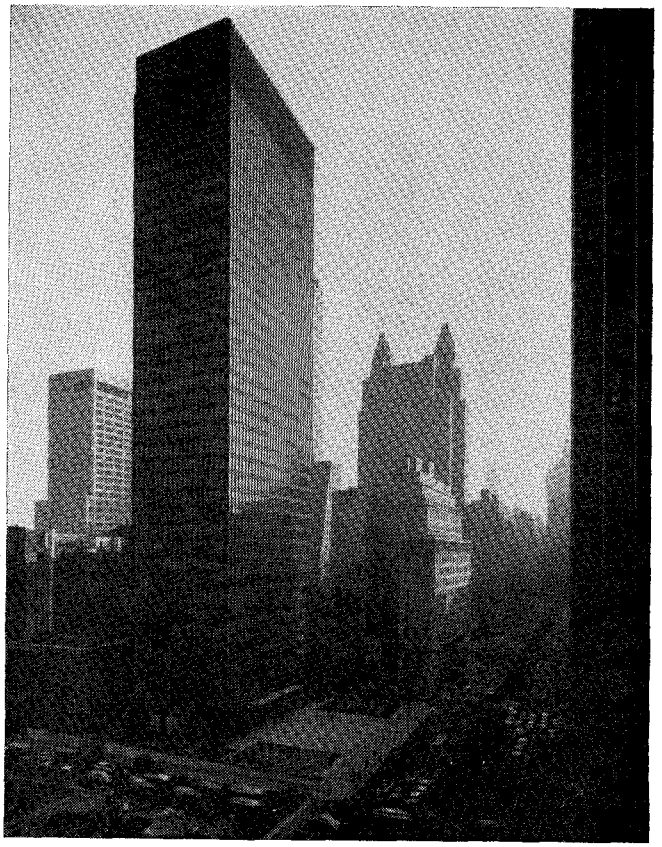
Crown Hall, Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago, 1956.



Project for a Glass Skyscraper, 1921.



—*Alexandre Georges.*

Seagram Building, New York, 1958.

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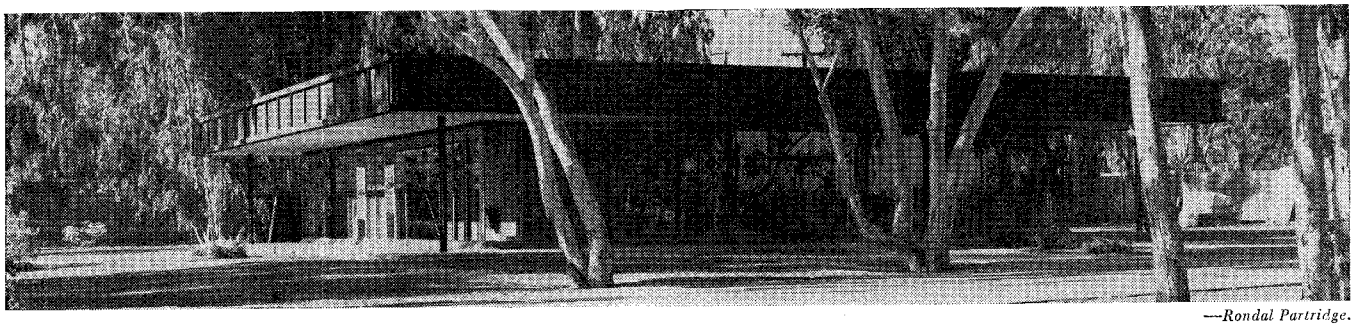


—Rondal Partridge.

Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, Stanford, California.

BUILDINGS IN THE VERNACULAR

By ALLAN TEMKO

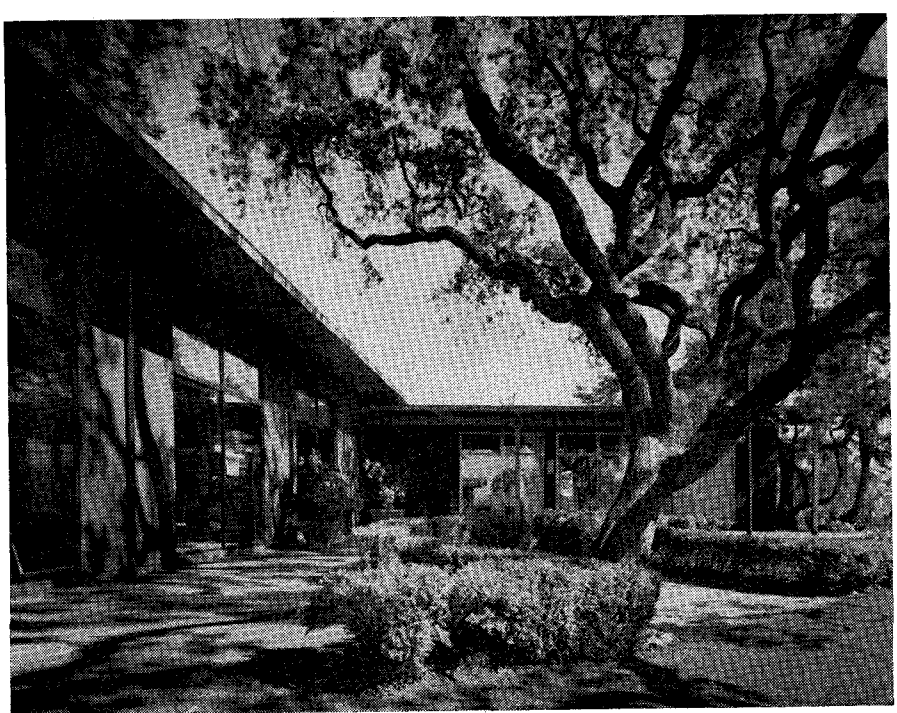
AFTER World War II, as the "International Style" swept powerfully through much of the world, it became apparent that regionalism nevertheless remained a force in modern architecture, not only in Alvar Aalto's Finland, but also on the hills overlooking San Francisco Bay. Although the new architecture of the industrial age, like industrial technology itself, overrides national boundaries and local building traditions, as in the work of Mies van der Rohe or Buckminster Fuller, there existed on the West Coast a sizable group of serious architects—perhaps as many as thirty or forty by the 1950s—who sought an authentic regional vernacular in their carpenter-built houses, schools, and churches.

Thus the sweeping natural grandeur of the Bay region became the theater of one of the more interesting dialogues of the modern movement. To internationalists such as the brilliantly uncompromising Raphael Soriano, whose lucid houses of steel are fully at home on the wooded Bay hillsides, the regionalists were acting in the teeth of profound twentieth-century realities. The regionalists may have appeared thoroughly contemporary in outlook, but in fact they relied heavily on preindustrial techniques and materials—especially redwood left to weather naturally—in order to achieve modernist ends.

As long as the West remained thinly settled and lightly industrialized, as it did until the war, there was no paradox in the regionalist approach. At their finest the small redwood buildings were undeniably gracious, handsome, and economical. In particular the servantless houses, which by the 1940s had been discovered by the consumer magazines and which have since influenced residential design throughout the nation, were at once unassuming and "warm," yet very dignified. Beneath broadly projecting roofs and trellises that shielded large areas of glass from the sun, they were vivaciously open to stirring views, as well as to patios and decks, which the balmy climate allowed an informal society to enjoy most of the year.

In such unconstrained architecture Lewis Mumford and other humanists rightly saw great hope. For it offered the possibility of a middle way between the impersonal structural objectivity of Mies van der Rohe and his followers, on the one hand, and on the other the overpowering romantic personalism of Frank Lloyd Wright. Within the liberal range of the "Bay Region School"—as Mumford named it, although he knew it was part of a broader coastal movement extending from Pasadena to Seattle, and going back in time to vernacular redwood cottages of the last century—there was abundant room for local variety according to geography and climate and for personal interpretation of the carpentry idiom. There could be even gloriously eccentric mixing of redwood with reinforced concrete, asbestos wall panels, and steel factory windows in Bernard Maybeck's great Christian Science Church of 1910-12 in Berkeley, which is probably the school's chief masterpiece.

Significantly, the intellectual center of the movement was also at Berkeley, where William Wilson Wurster presided over the school of architecture which Maybeck had founded, and where younger regionalists such as Joseph Esherick and Vernon De Mars were professors. The school itself was housed in one of the most charming redwood buildings of all, almost residential in



—Morley Baer.

Patio of Stanford structure in photo at top—"modest expression in wood."

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scale, which was designed in the office of John Galen Howard, the Beaux-Arts classicist who, like many architects of the older generation, happily turned to the regional style in his small buildings.

Yet Richard Neutra, who himself used redwood with pristine internationalist elegance in California houses, warned that "all humanism is not redwood"; and this in turn raised the question of how well the regionalists would build, when they finally had the chance, with steel and concrete in urban situations.

For across the Bay was "The City": San Francisco, white and proud on its hills, an international metropolis that contained the real challenge the regionalists had yet to face. Although many of them had offices in San Francisco, they were essentially suburban architects with very little experience in heavy construction. Historically in San Francisco, as elsewhere in America until the slump of the Thirties, the major downtown commissions had gone to eclectic firms, some of them very able, which produced a succession of picturesque towers and solid classical monuments (with the notable exception of the exquisite art nouveau glass curtain wall of Willis Polk's Hallidie Building of 1915). When big buildings were erected again after the war, they were virtually all pseudo-modern pastiches, including the I. Magnin Store on Union Square and the 25-story Equitable Building in the financial district.

Only in the 1950s, after the national firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill established a San Francisco office, did large modern buildings of exceptional distinction rise in the city. The first, and in some ways still the most interesting, was a Miesian tower of glass set in its own resplendent park: the Crown Zellerbach Building, completed in 1959. Although the California sun punishes the all-glass façades, so that curtains are frequently drawn and the spectacular views are lost, Crown Zellerbach set a new architectonic standard for the Far West in its meticulous detailing, its unflinching use of technology, and its remarkably open structure. Supported by only nine columns on either side of the 20-story slab, with a utilities tower flanking the southern façade, the unobstructed floors are 200 feet long and nearly 70 feet wide.

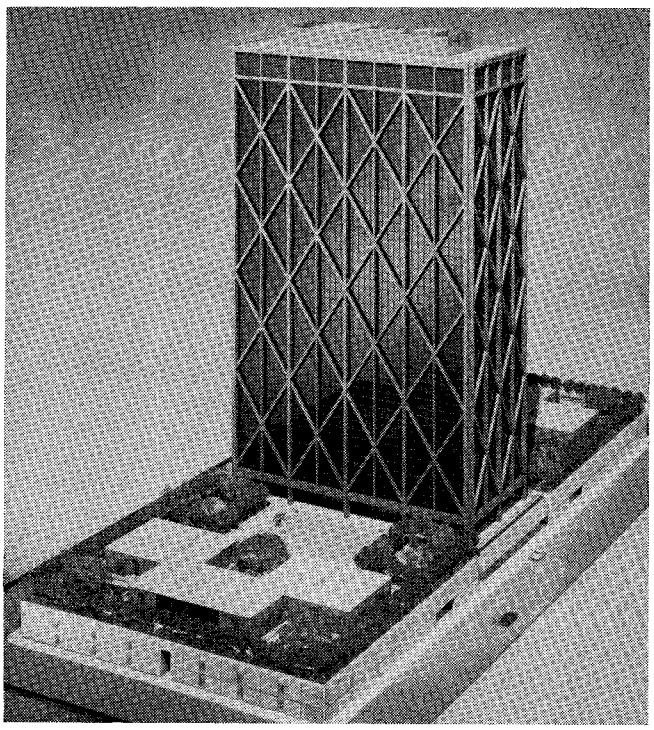
Before so strong and clear a concept the regionalists could only recoil: they found it "oversimplified" and, in spite of its grace, "cold." Nor could men devoted to a carpentry tradition fully appreciate the spatial majesty and technical daring of the two prodigious hangars by SOM's structural designer Myron Goldsmith that went up at the San Francisco Airport about the same time. In contrast a regionalist firm such as Anshen & Allen, in a significant garage on the University of California campus for which the brilliant engineer T. Y. Lin devised long spans in prestressed concrete at extremely low cost, felt obliged to embellish the exterior with "sculptural" decoration, very much like a concrete pineapple skin, and a Chinese gate supposedly emblematic of the region's ties with the Orient.

Still less could the regionalists accept the fine Miesian serenity of SOM's Naval Postgraduate School on a beautiful wooded site at Monterey (the historic town which in a sense was the birthplace of the Pacific School of Architecture). Instead of these Chicagoan buildings, the regionalists insisted, there should have been something Californian.

But what, precisely? As long as the regionalists could answer with modest expressions in wood, such as the Center for Advanced Study of the Behavioral Sciences, a research retreat which William Wurster and his partners, Theodore Bernardi and Donn Emmons, lovingly placed on an isolated knoll on the Stanford campus, their replies were very convincing.

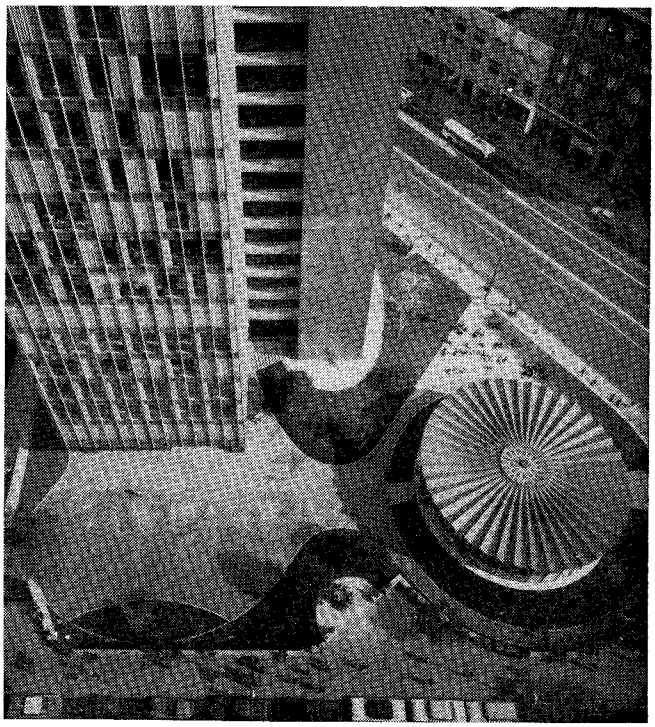
In San Francisco, however, where they finally were receiving downtown commissions, they were much less persuasive. The Wurster firm's first large San Francisco building, a massive service facility for the Bank of America at the important intersection of Market Street and Van Ness Avenue, finished in 1960, comes as a shock. As if the world's wealthiest bank could not afford to landscape part of the irregular site, and thus give the structure a well-defined emplacement and a more coherent form, a cumbersome lump of a building was heaped up from the sidewalks. Apart from the soft brown color of its precast concrete wall panels, it was hard to see what, if anything, made this heavy, malproportioned structure "Californian."

But incoherence and irresolution might be inevitable in large buildings if they were designed as informal redwood houses might be, turning out "the



—*Dwain Faubion.*

Alcoa Building, San Francisco—"structural regionalism."



—*Morley Baer.*

Crown Zellerbach Building, San Francisco—a new standard.

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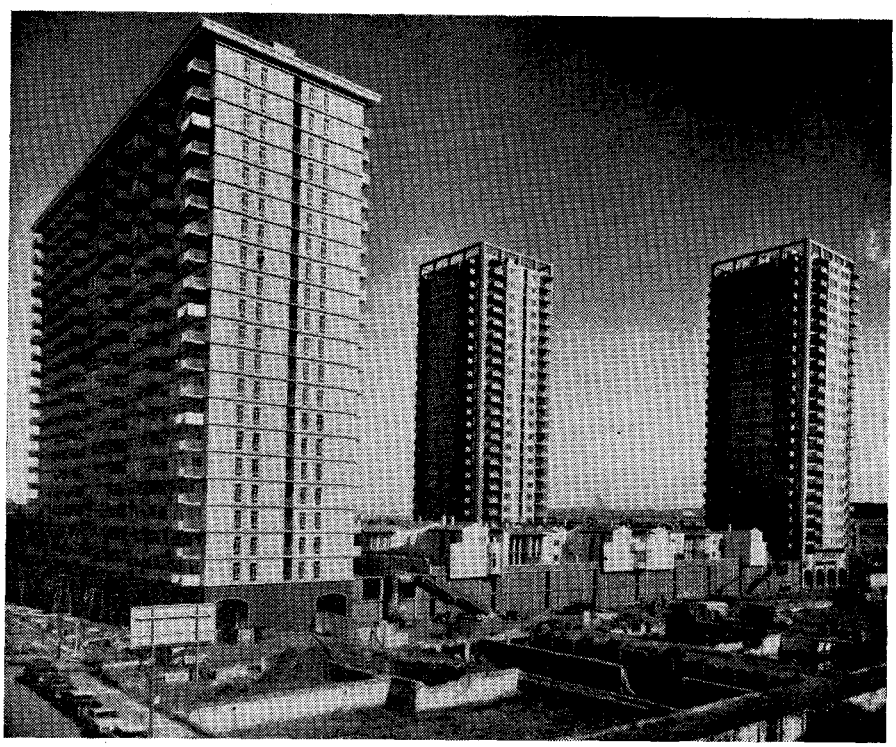
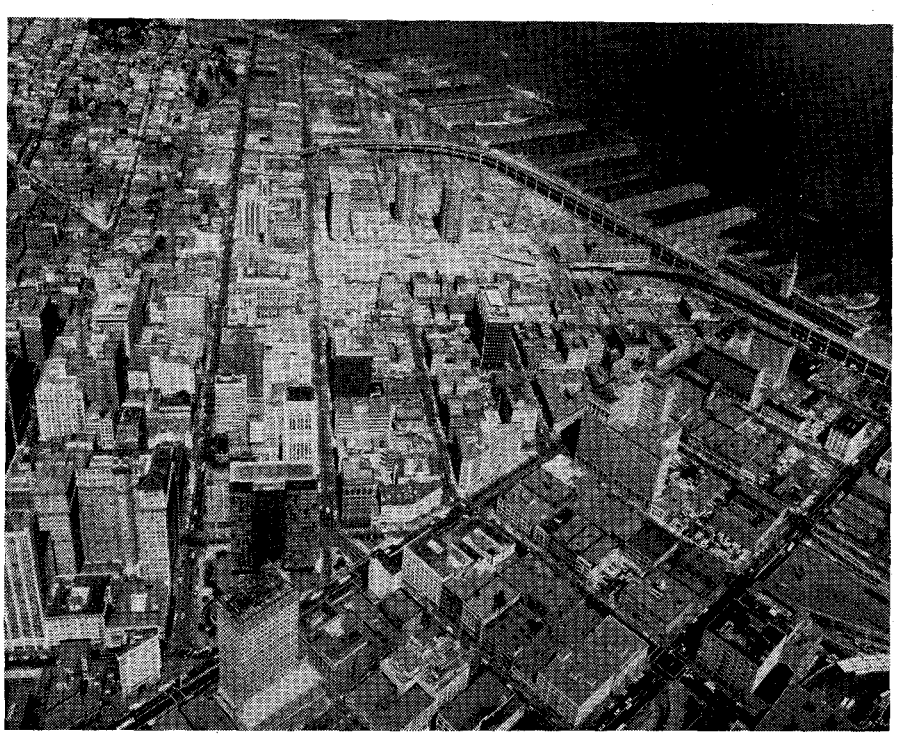


Golden Gateway Center, San Francisco—a new skyline.

way they had to." This seemed to be precisely what was happening, at staggering cost to the taxpayers, at the once-lovely campus of the University at Berkeley.

After a long reign of architectural terror from the Thirties onward, under slipshod successors to the admirable classicists of the early years of the century, the vast "multiversity" of Clark Kerr had been turned over to the regionalists in the Fifties. Dean Wurster was named chairman of the campus planning and development committee, and it is altogether characteristic that no detailed study model of the entire campus was deemed necessary during a period of enormous expansion (that in the last decade alone has cost some $100,000,000). The result was the devastation of one of the most magnificent sites in the world as an almost incredible hodgepodge of unrelated structures arose. Some were better than others, but none, including the new College of Engineering by SOM, had real architectural significance. Almost all were brutally coarse in comparison to older work on the campus. The most deliberately brutal of all was the new College of Environmental Design, Wurster Hall, which houses the Departments of Architecture, Landscape Architecture, and City and Regional Planning, and was designed by Professors Esherick, De Mars, and Donald Olsen.



Golden Gateway area from the air—Are town houses necessary?

At their worst the new buildings parody once-valid traditions. Overhanging roofs sit on bulky classroom or laboratory blocks like outsized hats. Concrete sunscreens, thick enough to carry locomotives, do not remove the need for Venetian blinds inside. A meaningless trellis of steel, jutting from the roof of the Student Union, is perhaps a tribute to the shade of Maybeck but it does not shade the building. Virtually everywhere on the campus there is now a slapdash quality, as in the exterior drainpipes running down multistory façades which seem to be, and may well have been, afterthoughts by men unused to monumental practice.

With few exceptions all the leading regionalists were involved in this debacle, from veterans such as Gardner A. Dailey, a creditable redwood architect in the old days, to John Carl Warnecke, whose big firm is one of the most successful in California although he is only in his early forties.

Warnecke, who had done well enough in redwood, too, has been raggedly uneven in his strangely characterless campus—sometimes uneven within a single building, perhaps because of changing staff. In San Francisco, moreover, as principal architect of the mammoth $38,000,000 Federal Building, which has more total floor space than any other office structure in the West, Warnecke has helped to perpetrate an architectural calamity far greater than any at Berkeley. This insensate mass, a perfect emblem of faceless bureaucracy, has irreparably disrupted the fine baroque scale and noble mood of the Civic Center.

The office of Wurster, Bernardi & Emmons, also very large and successful these days, has landed two of the most magnificent commissions in the history of San Francisco. They are working on an enormous Headquarters Tower for the Bank of America, being assisted in the design process by the peripatetic Dean Pietro Belluschi of MIT (who helped also with the esthetics of the Pan-Am Building in New York) and, somewhat surprisingly, by Emery Roth & Sons, who are responsible for a whop-

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ping chunk of the postwar commercial hackwork in Manhattan. Perhaps the assignment of the Roth firm is to keep costs down. Nothing is publicly known of the carefully guarded preliminary design, except that it calls for the tallest building by far in San Francisco's history, reportedly 700 feet high.

One wishes the architects all the best, and hopes they will do considerably better than the Wurster firm has done thus far in its other tremendous commission: twenty acres of residential development in the great Golden Gateway project, bordering the downtown financial district on the site of the delightful old produce market, which was cleared as a slum.

Together with De Mars & Reay, the Wurster firm won an ambitiously staged design competition for this big undertaking which will eventually transform a long section of the skyline. Their basic concept was admirable—it called for an elevated cityscape, twenty feet above the existing streets, which would continue to interlace the area. This elevated cityscape would have two kinds of tall structures—point-towers and slabs—rising at intervals from pedestrian plazas, which actually would be the roofs of shops and garages below on the old street level.

The most questionable feature of the scheme was the installation of town houses on the plazas. Picturesque historicism was obviously intended, and a simulation of the over-all physical pattern of San Francisco, where towers leap haphazardly from clusters of small buildings at all levels of the steep terrain. But not only did Golden Gateway seem the wrong place for small (but mercilessly expensive) residences, the town houses also destroyed the space that towers need for a decent setting. There was also the question of privacy. The bleak concrete patios of the houses and apartments on the plaza level, fenced off as if they were suburban backyards, would be plainly on view to the thousands of residents above.

In the preliminary proposal, however, the towers seemed acceptable, if totally uninspired (in contrast, for example, to I. M. Pei's fine Society Hill group in Philadelphia, also a renewal project). Usually, too, competition designs are decisively improved before they are executed. In this case they were perceptibly coarsened. These concrete monoliths are utterly without scale, and studded with stuck-on balconies. In an effort to mitigate their ponderous effect, Alexander Girard was called in to tart them up, as the English say, with pretty color. Alas, this talented man, so adroit in small areas such as the Fonda Del Sol restaurant in New York, produced a palette of Easter-egg shades, which, on these sullen surfaces, suggest too much makeup on a fat woman.

—*Fred Lyon.*

International Building, San Francisco—"stridently gay."

Even more disastrous, because they must be passed through as well as seen, are the plazas. The town houses, which appeared rather trim in the competition design, now compose a sort of mad frontier village with both Scandinavian and Latin overtones. As it turned out, in order to make the effect more "warm," the town houses were parceled out to three firms—Wurster's, De Mars's, and Anshen & Allen—none of whom evidently bothered to tell the others what it was doing.

The unfortunate role played here by William Stephen Allen and his late partner Robert Anshen is especially regrettable because they alone, among the regionalist firms with major reputations, have managed to produce a superior building in downtown San Francisco.

Their twenty-one-story International Building is an openly romantic reply, a somewhat Wrightian reply, to the Miersian purism of SOM's Crown Zellerbach. Situated at the base of Nob Hill, just below St. Mary's Square, where California Street begins its spectacular ascent from the financial district through Chinatown to the hotels at the summit, the tower lifts with the city in cantilevered tiers, terracing westward, but not quite joining St. Mary's Square, at the fourth-floor level; and then lifting again, seventeen stories to the rather garish roof which caps the penthouse like frivolous millinery. The façades are very active, indented at the four corners so that it becomes an eight-cornered building; and crushed white quartz embedded in the precast concrete spandrels catches the light. The building is too stridently

(*Continued on page 57*)

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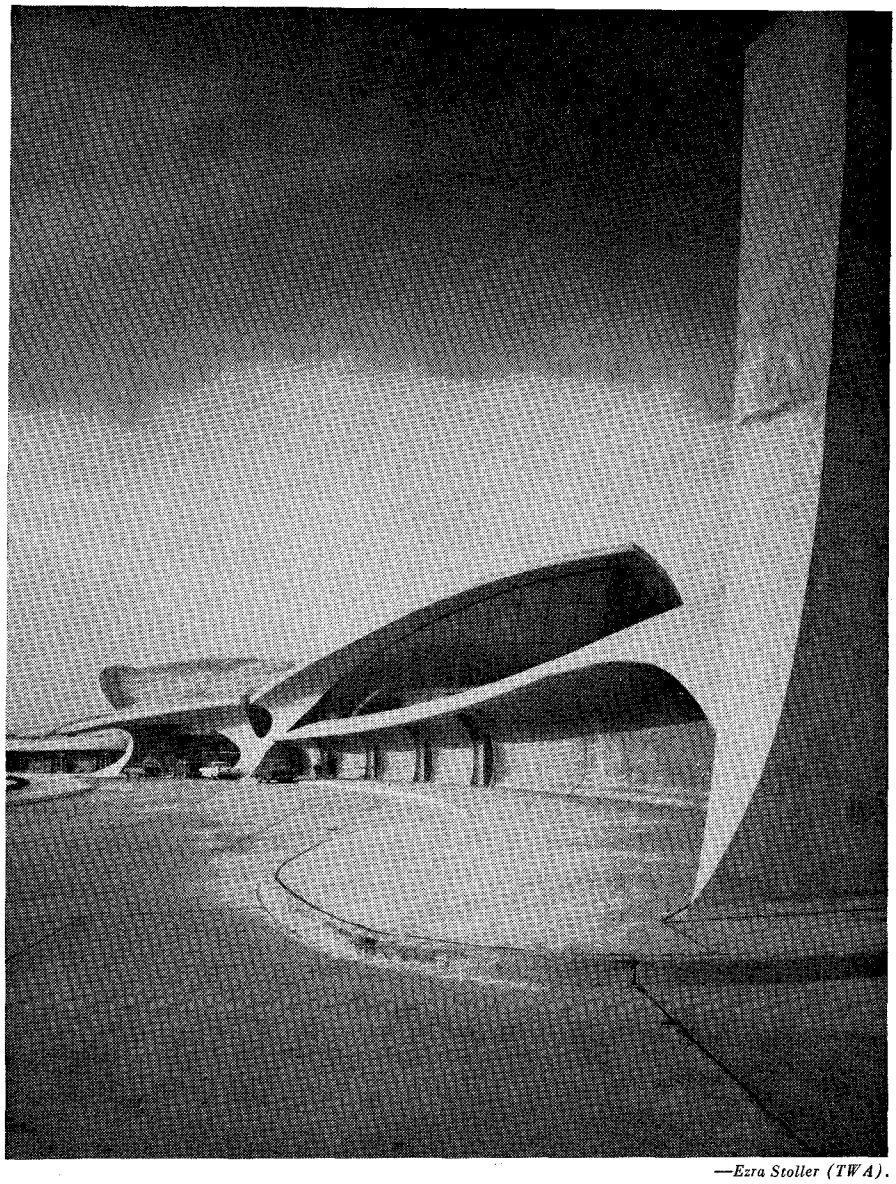
SHOOTING ON SITE



—Ezra Stoller (TWA).

TWA Terminal, Kennedy International Airport—The image echoes Saarinen's intention: "to take the discipline imposed by the concrete shell vault and give it a non-static, soaring quality."

By MARGARET R. WEISS

THE PASSENGER jet-bound for Hawaii had a bemused, slightly worried expression. Actually his concern was not about air safety, or about his professional role as a recorder of architectural history. He was merely reflecting on the $400 he had to pay for excess baggage—one of the occupational hazards an architectural photographer whose work requires six or seven cases of assorted equipment learns to live with.

In this instance the traveler was James Vincent, on his way to photograph the new Kahala Hilton for a magazine assignment. But it might just as easily have been Alexandre Georges or Samuel Gottscho, Baltazar Korab or G. E. Kidder Smith, Ezra Stoller or any of a hundred others who have made both an art and a science of recording buildings for architects, contractors, industrial clients, advertising agencies, and publications.

Whether his pictures are destined for a documentary odyssey underwritten by a foundation grant, an archeological text sponsored by a museum, for a travel brochure, a magazine feature, or an aluminum manufacturer's annual report, the architectural specialist has to face two facts—or rather, two facets of one fact. His subjects are massive, immobile; he must always be peripatetic, a Mohammed coming to the mountain of steel and glass. And, as one of the leading practitioners of architectural photography readily admits, "It is no job for the faint-hearted. A full coverage means just that: inside, out, night and day—and around the clock, too, whenever the job demands it."

Intimately concerned as he is with the empirical world of experience, the photographer may have little academic interest in the esthetic theories of architecture. Yet he cannot avoid being affected by the influence such concepts have had on the architect's tangible product. When a Le Corbusier conceives of architecture as "the masterly, correct, and magnificent play of the forms of light," it is a clue that the architect does more than simply harness logical solutions to functional needs. Logic is tempered with feeling; every material, invention, and method at his disposal has to be utilized creatively to fashion beautiful form.

IT IS from this marriage of form and function that the architectural photographer takes his cue. Not a single exposure is made until he has grasped the architect's intention, discovered how the building has been designed and structured to fulfil its particular function, and determined what approach will most effectively serve the client's purpose. For Samuel Gottscho, who has specialized in architectural subjects for forty years, "it is a matter of studying carefully what the architect has done. And what has been done beautifully should be beautifully done in the photography, too."

Doubtless such a professional credo makes for satisfied clients. In appraising Ezra Stoller's work, for example, a member of the architectural firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill commented, "He shows the best side of the architecture, first studying it to learn what the architect has attempted to say, then trying

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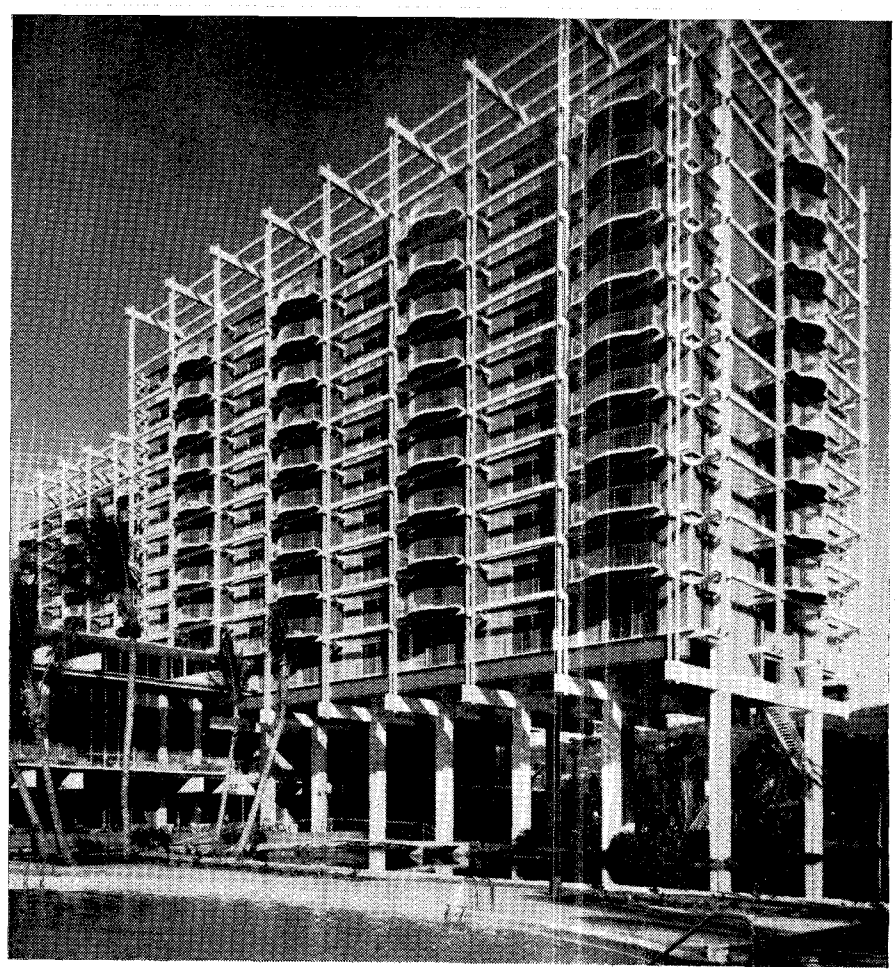
as best he can to have his photography say it in pictures."

Though some, like Stoller, have prepared for their photographic career through actual training in architecture, others have come to it through the graphic arts or industrial design, and still others through more general channels of education and experience. But what all these specialists share is a unique order of visual perception—apperception, if you will—that adroitly singles out the spatial characteristics and relationships that will show the building to best advantage.

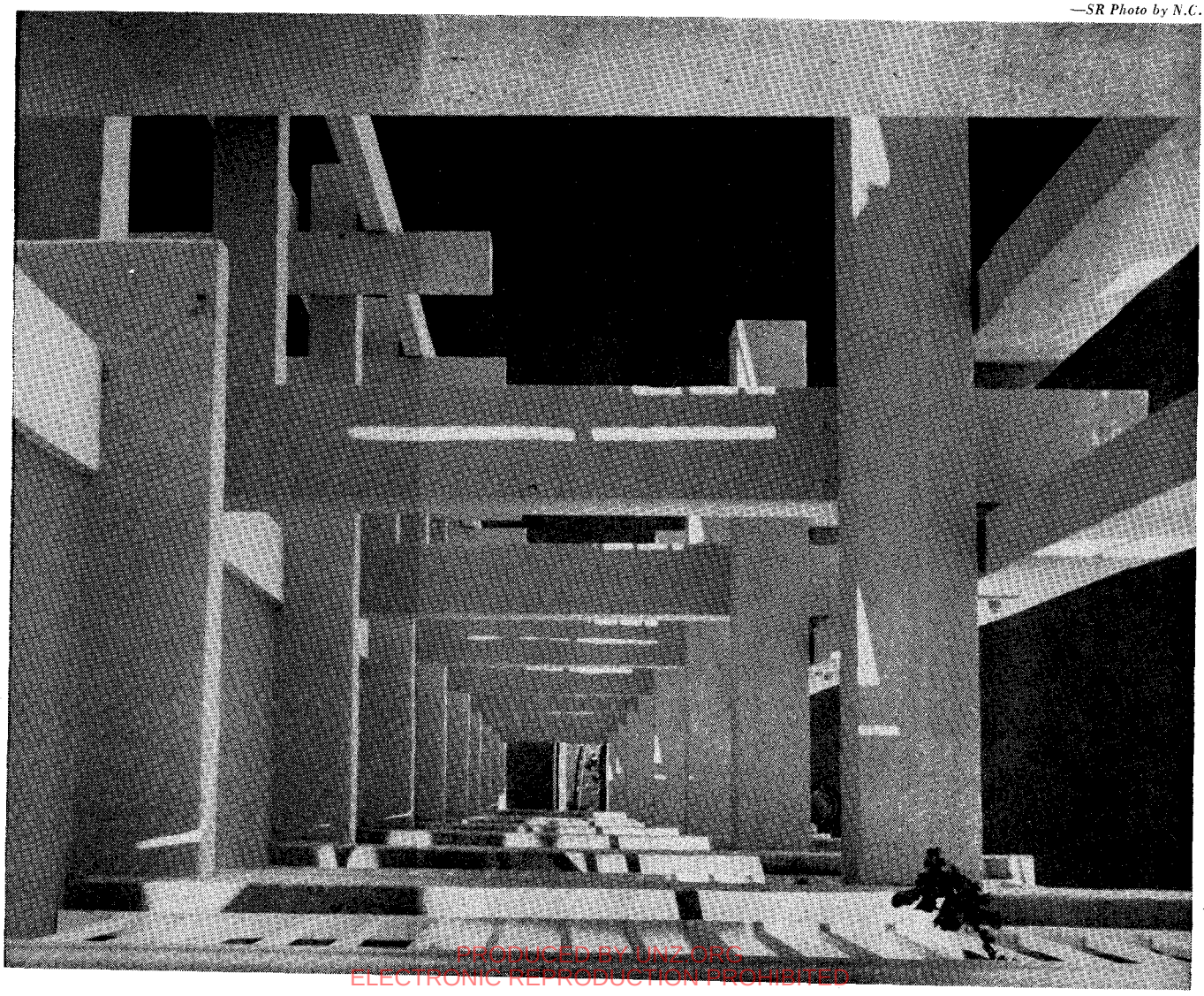
Master of angles and arcs, the photographer uses the instant magic of camera viewpoint and light to reveal planes, contours, and surface textures. His image is only the mirror of substance, a two-dimensional reflection of a three-



—James Vincent.

Kahala Hilton, Hawaii—Right, buoyancy and lightness of trellis-like balconied framework are captured by camera viewpoint; below, looking downward through exterior reinforced concrete supports, camera records honeycomb design of cellular structure.

—SR Photo by N.C.



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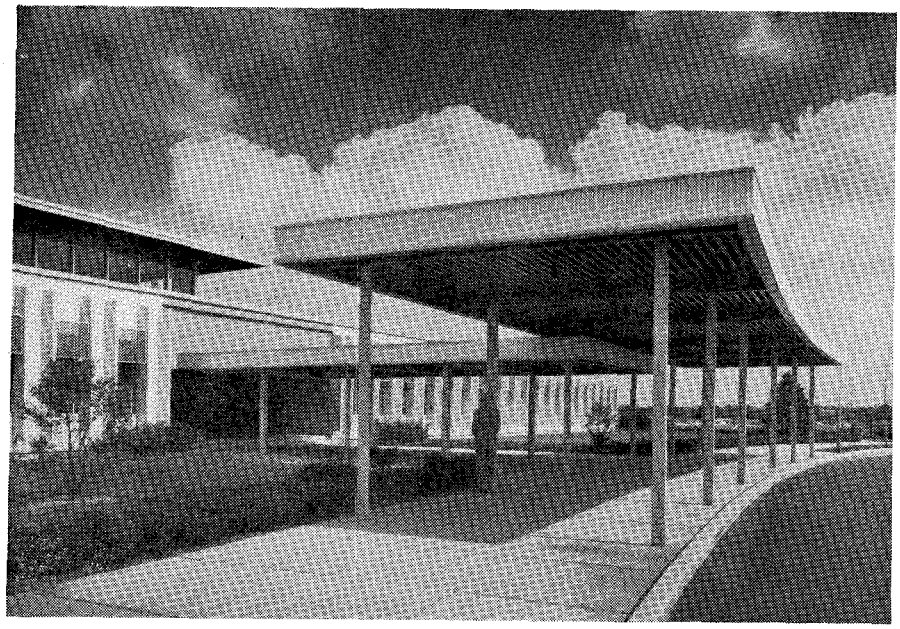
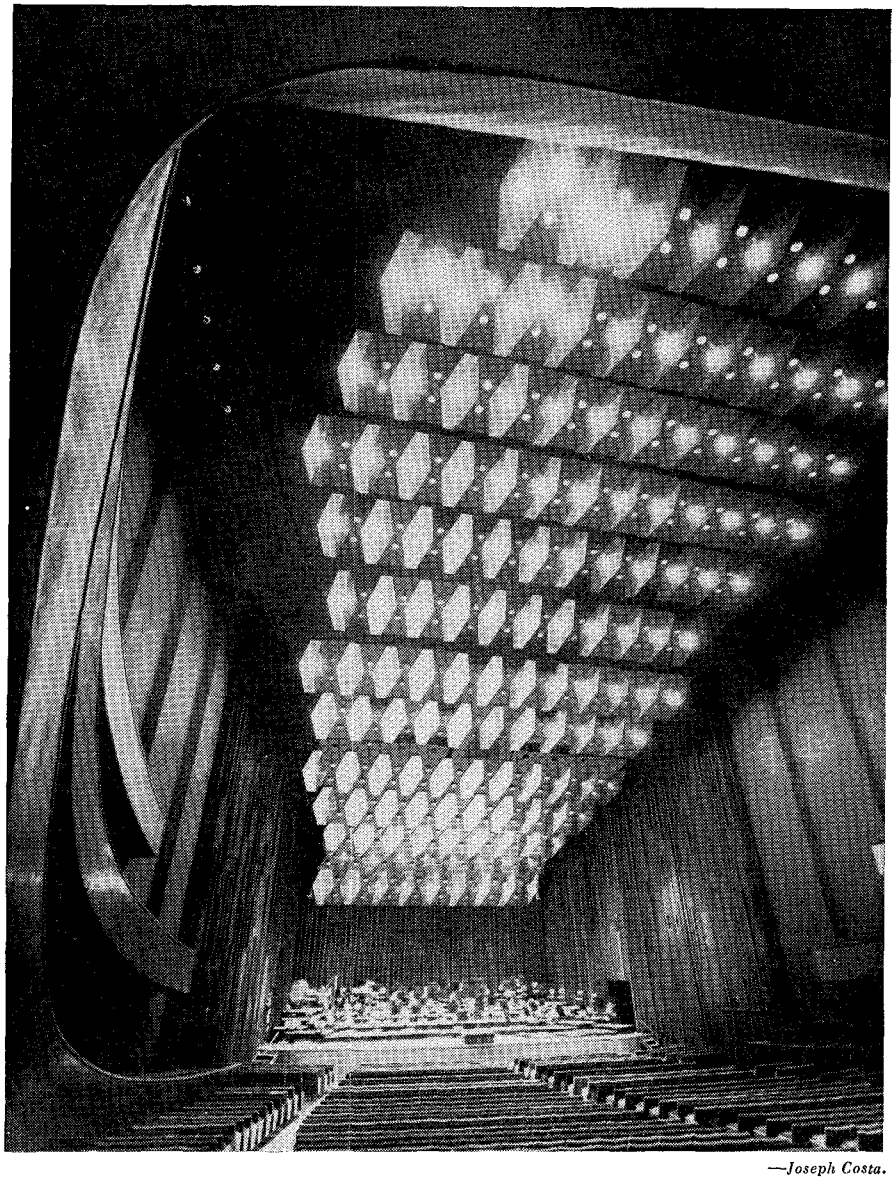


—Samuel H. Gottscho.

McGraw-Hill Building, Hightstown, N.J.—A clean-cut, informative record shot interprets the simple geometric design of an Alfred Easton Poor building.



—Joseph Costa.

Philharmonic Hall, N.Y.—An architectural interior represents decreased maneuverability and added challenge to the photographer who seeks dynamic composition with full emphasis on dominant architectural elements.

dimensional structure, a study in depth-without-depth. Yet it projects convincingly and concretely the original spatial reality it represents.

Borrowing a few tricks from the ancient Greeks, who knew how to combine mathematics with masonry to correct the natural defects of vision, the photographer takes advantage of camera adjustments to rectify distorted perspective. With wide-angle lenses and extensive depth of field, he is able to add the illusion of spaciousness to an interior or to relate a building to its site and surroundings. He is intent always on achieving the exact angle that will best emphasize a structural feature; the maximum sharpness that will accent ornamental details; the familiar point of reference that will subtly clue the viewer as to the size and scale of the structure or area.

Even the experts concede that such image-making is at its most difficult when the picture looks as though it were easy to do. To exploit technique and light to the fullest, to meet the esthetic demands of composition, to create a harmony of form and space that will also meet the client's specifications—this is the mission of the photographer of architecture, a mission he usually approaches with a measure of modesty. It is not surprising, then, to hear one of them say, "If I've learned anything from this business, it's that there's no room for the photographer's ego. He can't be a critic of architecture or a capricious prima donna; his first consideration is the architect or editor or manufacturer whose picture requirements have to be met." Another colleague admits his satisfaction comes from the fact that "the architects for whom I work win prizes—even if my pictures almost never do."

Setting out on assignment to shoot a motel in Maine or a housing project in Houston, it is unlikely that the image-maker thinks of himself as an architectural historian. And yet, accepting the definition of that term proposed by John Gloag at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Arts, the photographer of architecture is essentially this: "a biographer of buildings who records their origin, growth, character, and, if they should be destroyed, writes their obituaries."

His camera images are not only the most readily communicative record of present-day architecture. They may also be the most accurate and durable of documents for the future.

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The Shape of the Year 2000

By BENJAMIN POLK

OUR ARCHITECTURE at its best has enjoyed good health of late, a kind of conservative afterglow in which the architect has had time to consolidate his gains. But abrupt technological innovations are brewing, and in the long run they will displace the larger building forms as we now know them. The changes will be based, in their technical aspects, on the availability of unlimited and unfailing energy. Power will become a primary factor in design because nuclear fusion and second-generation power sources involving thermonuclear reaction will inevitably supplant expendable fuels. A new esthetic is thus being born, with a new scale not of the human body as before but of the mind and the mind's eye, and in the year 2000 or later architecture will be swept into its vortex. We are at present enjoying the lull before the storm. Indeed, the very word "architecture" is in for redefinition.

Even today the quest for urban beauty is a matter that goes far beyond good architecture, and in the countryside the flowering of dams, expressways, and reactors begins to provide a basis for decentralized industry and new towns whose impact is as landscape rather than as buildings. More basically, however, the broad brush is required merely to solve our problems of population, conservation, recreation, transport, and world community. Transport, related as it is to power, already has much of the new technology within its grasp: monorails, hydrofoils, helicopters, electronically automated rapid transit, rockets in tubes, and electrically powered cars converting nuclear energy by means of the fuel cell. It will be transport that will first create the new scale for architecture, and paths of movement will assume priority in the organization of cities and of metropolitan regions, for the city will be freed from its dependence on geography. Thus a scheme for its planning is already at hand.

But what of the large structure? What of architecture itself? And what of the architect? It is hazardous to supply the particulars, and plain run-of-the-mill economy will call the shots. But let us risk some guesses.

Much is being said about "continuous building form," but power and energy must guide this concept and tie it to transport requirements. In order to overcome the buckling tendency of the traditional column, for example, or of lateral forces acting on the vertical structure as a whole, new gravity and wind-resisting techniques and new approaches have become feasible: lighter-than-air structures, structures floating on the sea, structures immersed in the sea, internally pressurized structures that throw all members into tension, structures on permafrost, structures dependent on tension cables. We already have small and very specialized examples of all of these. The application of the principles will be generalized and extended by architects and engineers working together.

Although in its horizontal aspect the new architecture will require only a limited recourse to these principles, in its vertical aspect—at points of functional concentration, as the column becomes less and less suitable for loads of great magnitude—these clues to the future will be intensively explored. Other innovations will be added: electromagnetic fields produced through superconductivity, fluid dynamics, gyroscopes. A metropolitan framework will then consist of its transport network, plus its horizontal and its vertical "building" network, but all depending in varying degrees on unlimited energy for technical functioning.

Imaginative combinations of these approaches, and no doubt others, will seek the greatest possible economy in the use of power. There are already "total energy" systems that utilize wastes, reversible heating and cooling, heat from light, and lighting by low-energy luminescence. Mechanical engineering, now an important part of the new architecture, reflects the need to make power do double duty, for there is a steady increase in the proportion of building cost that is given over to mechanical engineering. Eventually, as power becomes free as air, the building will become virtually an organism. Thus far our profession has not set these directions firmly before it, but the truism "it can be done, therefore it will be done" should be remembered.

What if we found—say in the year 2000—that fabrics exceedingly high in tensile strength, and made like a quilt pressurized from within, were capable of being preshaped into huge shell-like forms complete with floor systems, constituting a light-as-air or lighter-than-air building and therefore virtually unrestricted in size? Vacuum containers to provide an upward force, plus gyroscopic stabilizers (perhaps with silent ion motors), might keep the structure rigid. Helicopter landings could be introduced at mid-heights, thereby relieving the elevator system; counterwave silencers could virtually eliminate noise. Very obviously immense and exciting research lies ahead, but the time will come when we will have acquired complete and final confidence in the machine and in dynamic structures.

Or what if light-weight structures were supported on the surface of the ocean and of our largest lakes? When the price of land in Manhattan, San Francisco, or Chicago has reached a certain level, sea-borne cities will be economically attractive—all the more so

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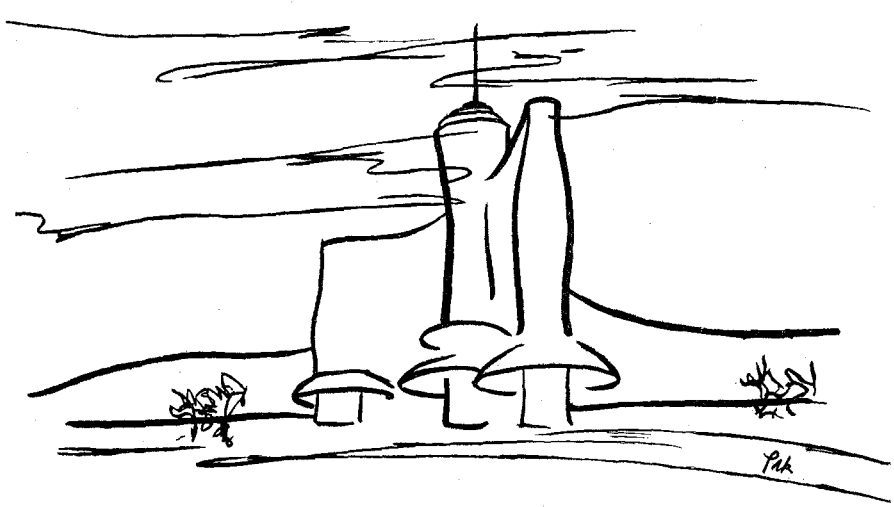

300-story fabric building of the year 2000, as envisioned by Benjamin Polk.

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THE USES OF SPACE

By WAYNE ANDREWS, *Archives of American Art professor at Wayne State University, Detroit.*

ARCHITECTURE is a serious topic. Writing about it successfully requires the modesty of a saint and the grace of an angel, qualities possessed in our century by no one but Geoffrey Scott. If this be the case, a certain generosity is called for in reviewing the latest books on the subect, and a certain gratitude for the testimony of a practitioner such as Henry End, author of *Interiors Book of Hotels and Motels* (Whitney Library of Design, $16.50). Mr. End is something of an expert on popular taste, having designed the sets for the movie version of *Forever Amber*. From that he went on to do over the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City, which brought him one hotel commission after another.

Mr. End is also that rare thing, a modest man. No architectural historian whom we know of is so frank about admitting his own mistakes. The Seville in Miami Beach, for which Mr. End bears the responsibility, is, we are told, "an example of how bad a job can get when a designer goes along with every suggestion from the owner because he has been successful in other types of business ventures. Money can be a great persuader, but also a great corrupter." The author adds that "the developers of the Seville Hotel felt they needed something that would outshine last year's hotel. Starting with the selection of the name, the Seville was doomed to pretentiousness. But I was green and this was my first major hotel in a resort area. Too eager to please, I found myself using all sorts of imitative gimmicks in an effort to carry off the Spanish kick."

Mr. End has some useful advice for his colleagues. "The designers, not the owners, are the tastemakers," he claims. "The owner comes to the designer in search of an image for his hotel, his store, or his restaurant. Often he arrives with a notion that carries with it the threat of fakery and bad taste. It is then that the designer must pull him back to the heart of the program and pick a better direction. When a designer is employed to do a good job, he should explain that he should do a good job not only for the client but for himself as well."

This is a lesson that seems to have been lost on Morris Lapidus, the creator not only of the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach but also of the Americana in New York City. As quoted in the *Interiors Book*, Mr. Lapidus says of the former hotel: "It was designed for a certain type of person. I don't like it personally, but they do. The owner says, 'My guests are very rich people who love rich, lavish surroundings.' So you play up the client's client. I certainly am not designing the hotel for myself and not even for the owner, really. He tells me what he wants because he knows who his customers are."

Mr. End might not have made quite that mistake. He also has his doubts about the hotels built abroad for the American trade. "The unique skills and experience of the American hotel industry have inherent in them a trap of which the architect and designer must be aware. It is the danger of exporting the know-how without taking into account and using the distinctive personality of the particular place in a blend that will satisfy the customers for these new bedrooms and public places."

From all that has been said, no one will be surprised to learn that Mr. End has an eye. He singles out Professor Arne Jacobsen's Royal Hotel in Copenhagen and Harwell Hamilton Harris's Motel-on-the-Mountain at Suffern, New York. Of the former he notes, "If all architects were such creators of space, interior designers would have to close up shop and look for other work."

Had the *Encyclopedia of Modern Architecture* (Abrams, $15) been assembled with something like the devotion Mr. End spends on his profession, the result would have been a useful addition to almost anyone's architectural library. But it seems that Harry Abrams, who has established the highest standards of any American publisher of art books, did not scan the proofs with his usual care. Occasional typos are to be expected in most books, but in encyclopedias they are regrettable. "Hartwell" Hamilton Harris may worry a librarian. So will McKim, "Meade" & White.

Another weakness lies in this book's having been first published abroad and then re-edited for the American market. Several judicious articles have been added, by such authorities as Henry Russell Hitchcock, William H. Jordy, and John M. Jacobus; but the volume would have profited by an all-out revision. Now that the U.S. is the architectural center of the modern world, it may not be altogether wise to emphasize, as does this encyclopedia, a number of inconsequential-seeming English and Continental architects while neglecting a good many important Americans. Where, for example, is Walter Burley Griffin, the planner of Canberra? He was obviously entitled to an article. So was the firm of Purcell & Elmslie, who carried on the tradition of Louis Sullivan. And although individual bibliographies are rewarding, the bibliography at the end of the Abrams volume is trifling. Worst of all, the contributors seem to have

—From "The Best in 20th Century Architecture."

Eliot Noyes built "bubble houses" at Hobe Sound, Florida, in 1954.

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had no opportunity to read each other's pieces. The paragraphs on McKim, Mead & White are properly appreciative of their later work, but no mention is made of the modern work of the firm's early years—which Russell Hitchcock did not need to be told had a certain influence on Frank Lloyd Wright. And though there are illustrations, no one can tell who photographed what.

While Mr. Abrams set out to address a scholarly audience, *Mexican Homes of Today,* by Verna Cook Shipway and Warren Shipway (Architectural Book Publishing Co., $12.95), is obviously intended for communities where tea rooms have taken the place of restaurants. The authors are either unaware that modern architecture has made its appearance south of the border or choose to ignore the matter. For Americans who prefer yesteryear to tomorrow, this book may of course have a certain appeal.

The Best in Twentieth Century Architecture, edited by Georges and Rosamond Bernier (Reynal-Morrow, $15), was designed for more enlightened readers. One of the most brilliantly edited magazines in Europe is the Swiss *L'Oeil.* Its photographs, whether in black and white or in color, are stunners, and its layouts set a standard that no magazine over here has dared to imitate. But whether this misnamed volume (something like a quarter of the contents—culled from recent issues—is dedicated to the nineteenth century) will win new subscribers in the United States is a question. Perhaps because Illinois and California are a long way from Lausanne, the editors have seen fit to ignore (with the exception of Wright) the domestic architecture of the Chicago School and also the West Coast (with the exception of Richard Neutra). By so doing they give the impression that the use of steel, concrete, and glass is the only benefit that modern architecture has conferred.

But *The Best* is a masterpiece compared with Bodo Cichy's *The Great Ages of Architecture* (translated from the German by Susan McMorrow, Putnam, $25). This bird's-eye view of architecture the world over is laid out to discourage reading. The grotesque color plates are so startling that only the most ambitious of us will ever penetrate the fine print. Moreover, in many cases the black-and-white photographs are reproduced without credits. The text may have its virtues, but it doesn't measure up to a sober performance such as Nikolaus Pevsner's *Outline of European Architecture.*

With *The Architecture of the European Synagogue,* by Rachel Wischnitzer (Jewish Publication Society, $6), we come upon a serious subject. Tracing the evolution of Jewish houses of worship from Greco-Roman times to our own involves research that is back-breaking, but Miss Wischnitzer is a scholar who could pass the most ferocious examination if her treatment of recent architectural history may be offered in evidence. Nor does she neglect social history. The French emancipation of the Jews in 1791 is noted, and so is the publication in 1833 of Disraeli's *Alroy,* which may have eventually led many a Jewish community to sanction the use of Moorish forms.

Professor William Muschenheim, author of *Elements of the Art of Architecture* (Viking, $6.50), may be just as dedicated a researcher as Miss Wischnitzer, but he is not so convincing. "The purpose of this book," he announces, "is to illustrate the essential qualities of the art of architecture and to stimulate an interest in them." His students, to whom he must have lectured on the social background of these illustrations, may indeed be enlightened; but the general public, lacking anything but the briefest captions, may not be enthralled by this collection of poorly reproduced photographs.

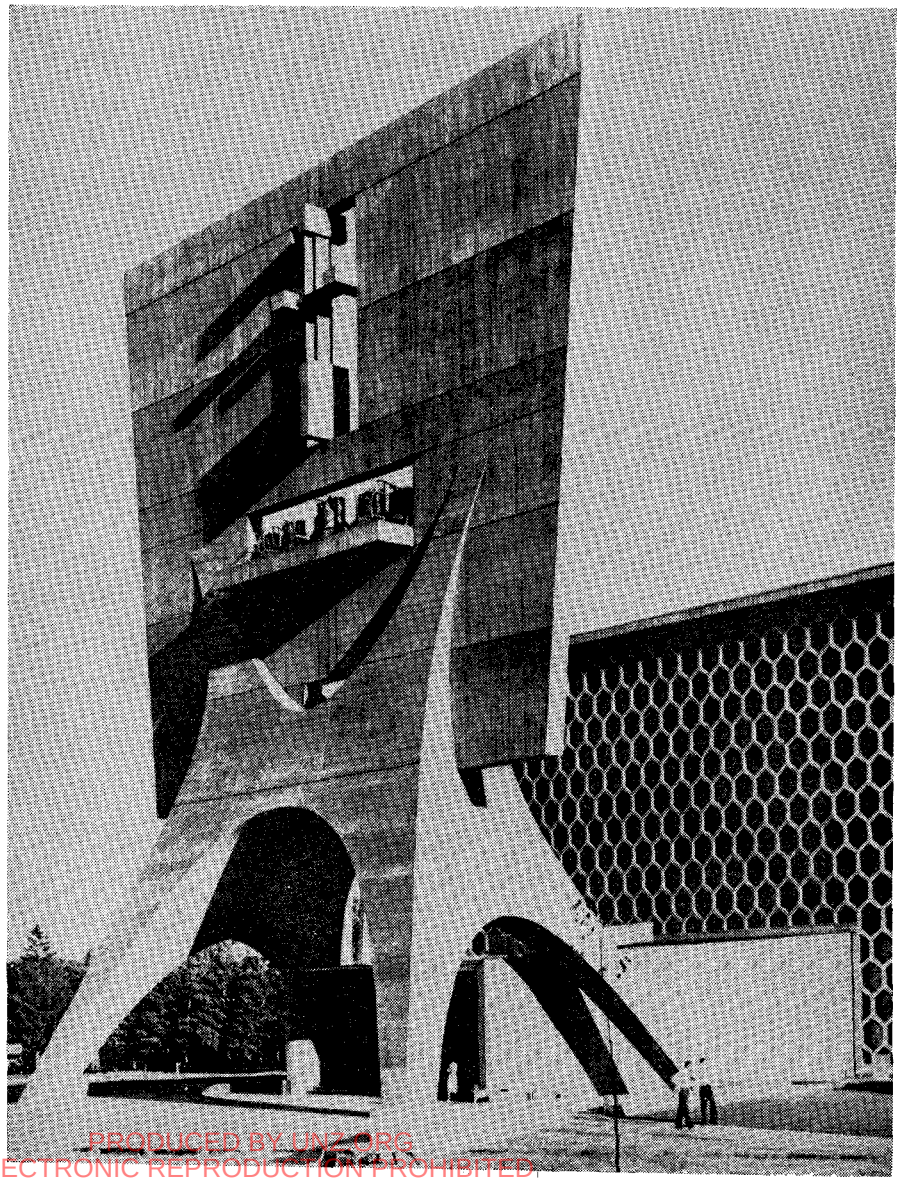
G. E. Kidder-Smith in *The New Churches of Europe* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $17.50) speaks with an authority that Mr. Muschenheim probably cannot command, for as a photographer (and a very distinguished one) he has visited every one of the sites in the more limited area on which he comments. "There are," he asserts, "so many bad new churches in Europe and the Americas that all Christians should hang their heads in shame." He is, however, pleased to say something in favor of Saint Michael's at Coventry, with its Sutherland tapestry and Piper stained glass, and reports that the great curtain of glass at Dominikus Böhm's Maria-Königin at Cologne is "one of the loveliest to be seen anywhere."

Mr. Kidder-Smith's apt remarks concern churches of which every architectural historian has heard, or should have. Leonard K. Eaton, the author of *Landscape Artist in America* (University of Chicago Press, $10), writes about Jens Jensen, a landscape architect of whom every Chicagoan has heard something but probably knows nothing.

"In Jens Jensen, Chicago has a native nature poet who has made the West Park System a delight to the country," Frank Lloyd Wright once testified. "He

(*Continued on page* 58)

St. John's Abbey Church, Collegeville, Minn., designed by Marcel Breuer, 1953-61.
—From Encyclopedia of Modern Architecture.



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Thomas Stearns Eliot: 1888-1965

A GOOD POET creates not only the shape and force of each poem he writes, but of one other larger poem, which is the shape and force of his collected works. The total is all plus one. What emerges from the total is a living figure. Art, that is to say, creates personality and we call that personality immortal. It is not necessary to assume that we mean an immortality in terms of astronomical time: who knows that even the human race will be in any memory after the next galactic, or even cosmic, flare? What we mean is that the man is culturally immortal, that the personality he created through his art will be a presence and a force within his culture as long as any traces of that culture survive.

T. S. Eliot is such an art-created force of personality. Thomas Stearns Eliot, the creator, is now dead. But it is a sentimental fallacy to confuse the creative man with his creations. The creation is a shapen selection from the man, a projection disciplined and improved by art. It should be more shapely, more chosen, more scrupulously revised, and therefore better than the man himself; a consummation of his best possibilities, as, for example, a sot may die and leave an immortality called Dylan Thomas.

Yet there is a special pathos in the passing of Eliot, for with the exception of the confusing figure of Ezra Pound, he was the last giant of a poetic age, the last of the great personalities created by the poetry of the first half of the twentieth century. To all cultural time Eliot will be our religious poet, our parson; as Frost will be the agnostic and uncommitted villager whose strength is in the power of his individuality; as Yeats will be the enthusiast of queer spiritual systems who was yet redeemed by the genius of his language; and as Stevens, I more than half believe, will be there for the few as the figure of mental elegance who found in esthetics the sanction of life he could not find in religion.

AND though there was a time when one might have guessed Eliot to be forming himself, like Stevens, to a pure esthetic, nothing is clearer in retrospect than the consistency of the religious personality he was in process of creating.

In the *Harvard Advocate* for November 1909, a young man born in St. Louis of New England parents, and back in New England where he was then a junior at Harvard, published a poem titled "Nocturne." Here are its first four lines:

> Romeo, *grand sérieux*, to importune
> Guitar and hat in hand, beside the gate
> With Juliet, in the usual debate
> Of love, beneath a bored but courteous moon;

Is it only the retrospective reader who can be sure he is hearing a new tone emerge? When that reader goes back a year or two in the pages of the *Advocate* he finds that the young man had dutifully produced a number of deft pieces in more standard and more romantic tones, but certainly nothing like the weary elegance and detachment of these lines. Certainly the then-professor of French could have heard echoes of the French symbolists in them, had the professor looked. But the retrospective reader is already listening ahead to some of the tones and cadences of the Sweeney poems.

Then, in the *Advocate* for January 1910, the same young man published a poem titled "Spleen" (obviously after Baudelaire) and ended with the following lines:

> And Life, a little bald and gray,
> Languid, fastidious, and bland,
> Waits, hat and gloves in hand,
> Punctilious of tie and suit
> (Somewhat impatient of delay)
> On the doorstep of the Absolute.

What young man is this, one might have asked, who stands there with a head full of the French symbolist poets and flicks imaginary lint from his conceptual sleeve? An especially acute reader might have sensed an intellectual dandy with a mortal touch of malaise, but not even the author himself could have known that he was at his first meeting with an immortal figure of the times who would later be introduced as J. Alfred Prufrock.

"Prufrock," I believe, remains Eliot's most powerful single creation. No poet in English, and only Baudelaire in French, had made so memorable an esthetic experience of the dramatization of sterility. In cadences that remind me of nothing so much as the dissolving sequences of a Debussy suite, with an imagery inspired but not dictated by Baudelaire, and with a dramatic force entirely his own, Eliot gave form to the man sealed off from human contact, a man sterilized from within, and therefore incapable of the fundamental life process.

"Prufrock" was published in England in 1917. It is necessary to remember that it was written as World War I was littering the fields of Europe with the wasted and inconsequential dead. A savage time. And there, to one side of the beast, stands Prufrock adjusting his tie and incapable of any human decision. One cannot fail to sense that Eliot intended him as a symbol of the intellectual life of the times, elegant, enclosed in a narrow tradition, and sterile.

"Prufrock" does not explicitly state the problem as a religious one. Yet the young dandy of the *Advocate* was also a man of Calvinist roots. Could there have been an atavistic memory of Hell in his malaise? There certainly was no accident in this later Eliot's choice of the six lines from Dante that serve as

—The Times, London (Pictorial Parade).
T. S. Eliot in a recent photo.

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a motto for the poem. The lines are spoken by Guido da Montefeltro, who runs through Hell encased in a tongue-like flame because, in life, he gave false counsel, as the intellectual life of Eliot's age had given false counsel and fallen to sterility and death.

Eliot's religious quest, whether or not he had yet realized it, was for the life-source and for identity with it. Ten years after the publication of "Prufrock," when he had become a naturalized British subject, Eliot was to announce that he was "Anglo-Catholic in religion, royalist in politics, and classicist in literature." But if the young Marxists of the time felt obliged to pounce on that statement as a confession of intellectual shame, a more reasonable reader can take it half seriously while yet allowing Eliot a sense of humor. Call it a parson's joke.

By then, the parson had found his master metaphor. Parts of that metaphor had already been with him as an undergraduate. He had written of sterility and frustration. But that the quest was always religious, "The Waste Land" (1922) makes unmistakable.

Eliot found one religious source in the fertility rituals of primitive man, the basic rituals of identity with the life-source, of man in search not only of his own identity but of identity with God. Eliot's central image, however, was taken from Dante's seventh infernal circle, the burning plain on which Dante places the Violent and the Bestial. They are: the murderers and warmakers, who violated their fellow men; the suicides, who violated themselves; the blasphemers, who violated God; the perverts, who violated the natural process of sex; and the usurers, who violated the natural process of earning one's bread from nature itself. It was on that sterile, burning plain that Eliot found his symbol for the intellectual and spiritual life of our times, forever cut off from all that joins men in love or that touches the earth to its flowering.

It seems safe to say that no poem in history set off as much controversy as did "The Waste Land." It was an experiment in the eclectic shorthand epic. And perhaps the final comment on that particular technique is that no poet of consequence has been moved to carry on with it. What, for that matter, could it be carried to? Subsequent poets have admired or drawn back from the experiment (about which the academies made certainly too much), but all seem to have agreed that the experiment was complete in itself.

Yet the heritage of that method is everywhere in the literary life of the times. Eliot had written not an English but a pan-European poem. Its context was *all* of Western culture. And because his genius was pervasive, Eliot opened the frontiers for all future writers. The cultural awareness of the poet would never again be securely enclosed by national boundaries. Today men are still groping toward the idea of a human unity that may make the world man's fertile habitat rather than his battleground. It is certainly conceivable, as the idea grows hopefully toward fact, that such a poem as "The Waste Land" may emerge with a power as yet unfelt.

But "The Waste Land," though stirring toward a religious affirmation, yet stops short of it. The despair and the emptiness have not yet been plumbed. The malaise of the young dandy had not yet been brought to final form. It would take "The Hollow Men" to achieve that absolute zero of the psyche:

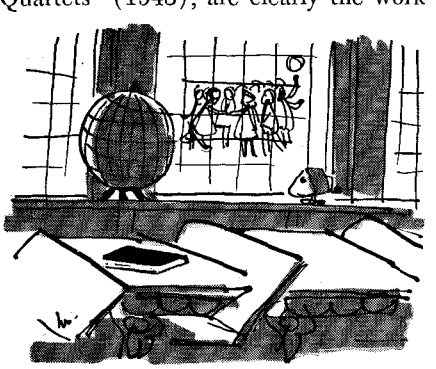
> Shape without form, shade without color,
> Paralyzed force, gesture without motion:

Yet even here one senses that the poet is working to a religious conclusion. To that or to suicide. Except that the commitment to the question seems too ardent to suggest suicide. It was in "Ash Wednesday" (1930) that Eliot reached overtly that affirmation toward which he had been working implicitly from the beginning, finally finding in religion his spiritual surcease:

> Because I cannot hope to turn again
> Consequently I rejoice, having to construct something
> Upon which to rejoice
>
> And pray to God to have mercy upon us

The goal of the individual has become the surrender of individuality to God. As Dante had said it for him, "In His will is our peace." For the rest of his life Eliot was to write as the poet of that spiritual condition.

Whether that religious resolution of his spiritual conflict weakened or deepened his style is a question that will continue to be argued with good critics standing to either side of the argument, perhaps to no possible conclusion. The latter poems, particularly the "Four Quartets" (1943), are clearly the work of a master, yet they lack the coruscations and the dramatic force one feels up to and through "The Hollow Men." One may counterargue, of course, that there is a music beyond brilliance and dramatic impact. Those who put forward this argument seem always to sound like those infinitely refined souls who claim that Dante's *Paradiso* is really a richer experience than his *Inferno*, while the world goes on reading the *Inferno* avidly, with perhaps one out of a hundred starters carrying on through the anoxia of the sensibilities that sets in at the height of Heaven. The fact is that the natural reader instinct is for brilliance and dramatic power, and in Eliot those qualities seem to be concentrated in the earlier works. Read in a convent, perhaps, it could be the later works that offer the final rewards. Beyond the convent wall, it is certainly the earlier works that will carry Eliot's reputation.



There remain the plays, particularly the historic enactment of *Murder in the Cathedral* and the contemporary encounter (as much preachment as encounter) of *The Family Reunion*. Both are dramatizations of good and evil and of the question of man's relation to other men and to God. Those who find them powerful will incline to stress their intellectual insights. Those who find them less persuasive will mourn that the passion and the flame seem to have gone from Eliot's language. The power of genius, however, does not lie in the fact that they present any given view but that they have presence, that they transcend their intellectual content and achieve "thingness" as works of art. Whatever the argument, the point is that they will always be there to be argued.

There is no other test. A poet is either memorable and sticks to memory, or he is forgettable and is forgotten. It is not the valor and intensity of the spiritual search that makes a work memorable, though no good artist can take fire except from his human commitment, whatever it may be. A poet must be passionate but what he is passionate about does not really matter, except to him. Who, for example, really cares about Dante's religious convictions?

What makes a man memorable is the genius that transforms his commitment into a perdurable medium. What is truly made into its medium is instantly apart from its maker, and thereafter indifferent to his life and death. It is Thomas Stearns Eliot, the creator, whose death we speak to as an occasion for grateful retrospection. Of T. S. Eliot, the creation, we have lost nothing. The page still opens to him and he still speaks. And will speak. For as long as our culture responds to poetry.

—John Ciardi.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Culinary Conflict

MAY I once and for all settle the dispute concerning the origin of the bagel? All that is necessary is to refer to Democritus's account of meteoric findings in ancient Greece, *circa* the fourth century B.C.

Democritus tells us of the examination of small meteoric specimens by Brasidas of Mitylene. Among these specimens was a piece somewhat in the shape of a doughnut. Brasidas presented this rock to his baker as a gentle means of chiding him for the hardness of his breads. The baker got back at Brasidas by producing an unsweetened doughnut that compared very favorably with the tiny meteorite in impenetrability. Brasidas surprised the baker by taking to the improvisation at once and by ordering several dozen more. Brasidas found that the "meteoric doughnut" (the name for which in Greek is *bah-gral*) became palatable and indeed delectable after soaking for three days in hot olive oil.

The reason modern bagels taste like meteorites is that bakers try to cut corners by soaking the bagels for only a few hours.

GEORGE CONNORS,
Professor of Ancient History,
Stanford University.

Stanford, Calif.

Shortchanged

IN THE ARTICLE "Are Cities Obsolete?" [*SR*, Dec. 19] Bernard Weissbourd, speaking of federal subsidies, writes: "Similarly, the federal defense highway program has represented an enormous subsidy to the automobile at the expense of mass transportation."

This is a serious misstatement. The fact is that the construction of the Interstate System, along with all other federal-aid highways, is paid for by special taxes levied on motorists and other highway users. Indeed, the taxes on automobiles, their parts and accessories and lubricating oil—amounting to nearly $2 billion a year—go not into highways but into the general funds of the U.S. Treasury. Thus the highway users are not being subsidized; they are being shortchanged.

RUSSELL E. SINGER,
Executive Vice-President,
American Automobile Association.

Washington, D.C.

Resolutions Ratified

FOR A LONG TIME I have wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoy Katharine Kuh's keen observations and perceptive comments on art. And I admire especially her courage in seeing and saying what almost every local, regional and national publication on art lacks the guts and honesty to say.

Her ten "New Year's Resolutions" [*SR*, Dec. 26] are like manna from heaven in trying to clear the atmosphere. . . .

ARTHUR J. SCHNEIDER.

San Pedro, Calif.

CONGRATULATIONS ON Katharine Kuh's "New Year's Resolutions"—the most intelligent art paragraphs I've read in many a day.

MRS. SAMUEL L. KUHN.

New York, N.Y.

"All I know is that he came here two years ago on a Fulbright to do a study on 'Primitive Society—Burden or Blessing?'"

Details, Details

WILLIAM WALDEN'S exaggerated article "Meanwhile, Back at the Plot . . ." [*SR*, Jan. 2] is a direct attack on the realistic style of writing. Mr. Walden contends that certain physical descriptions of somewhat irrelevant details have no place in contemporary literature. However, while Mr. Walden is primarily concerned with the action of a character, other readers may be more interested in the character's feelings. These moods can be experienced only by a careful analysis of all external details.

ROBERT FYNE.

Elizabeth, N.J.

Reviewer's Reply

SINCE EUGENE M. KAYDEN questions this reviewer's scholarship, knowledge of Russian, and literary taste [*SR*, Dec. 19], may I be permitted a brief reply?

Arndt's poetic re-creation of Pushkin's line about a dancer's leap—"twirling trills her tiny feet"—does suggest that Pushkin is a poet. Does Mr. Kayden think that a literal translation of *byot* ("*claps* one small foot against the other") reflects more accurately Pushkin's poetic power? If so, he rejects his stated aim that a translation of poetry should be poetry in English.

Mr. Kayden mistakenly says that "Tatyana rises at dawn just as the stars are fading away," so she could not have seen the choral dance of stars. Pushkin actually says that Tatyana loved to rise *before* dawn. The point of my criticism, however, is that Mr. Kayden translates Pushkin's splendid image "the choral dance of stars" *(khorovod zvyozd)* by the banal "galaxies of stars." This mistranslation is all the more puzzling since Mr. Kayden's verse stanza allows him so much freedom.

If Mr. Kayden finds it "strange" to speak of damp mother earth, he could at least have contrasted the destinations of soul and bones; that the bones have peace in the grave is an essential and arresting idea. Instead, he omits the bones and offers two repetitious lines about the soul at rest among the blest. Is this a poetic improvement on the bones in damp mother earth?

Mr. Kayden's letter reinforces my belief that he lacks literary sensitivity.

As for the letter in the same issue by the manager of Antioch Press: Does Mr. Rohmann imply that all translations of poetry should be favorably reviewed? Are not some windows that open on the original much smaller than others?

NATHAN ROSEN.

Rochester, N.Y.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Weill's Lenya, Cuénod's Satie, Sutherland

IN A week that offers a rare performance of Erik Satie's *Socrate* with Hugues Cuénod and an even more uncommon performance of Handel's *Alcina* with Joan Sutherland, there naturally arises a question: Which to deal with first? On reflection, the problem is simply resolved: Primacy belongs to something even more exceptional, an evening of Kurt Weill with Lotte Lenya as its principal personality.

Cuénod and Sutherland are both brilliantly comprehending interpreters of what they undertook to do, but Miss Lenya is all that and something more—the embodiment if not the generative force of some of her celebrated husband's best music. An audience that all but filled Carnegie Hall was doubtless drawn in part by a concert version of the "original" *Die Dreigroschenoper*, which made up the program's second half. But Lenya's artistry was to be savored at length, and in its most concentrated form, in the preceding part. Here she held the stage alone for nearly an hour, surrendering only the part of it required for the orchestra conducted by Milton Rosenstock. To say that she "held it" in this recitation of theater songs is to make an understatement of a cliché. Rather, she filled it, occupied it, magnetized it in a dazzling interplay of matter and manner.

Superficially, it would seem a mistake to separate a sequence ending with "Zu Potsdam unter den Eichen" and another beginning with "Bilbao Song" with two of his honeyed refrains from *One Touch of Venus*—"Speak Low" and "Foolish Heart." But as Lenya correlated them, there was nothing in the least discordant about the juxtaposition: the macabre and the wistful are opposite sides of the same coin with which Weill purchased attention from the world, and are no less parts of the same individuality and musical command. To be sure, there have been many more songs like "Speak Low" than there have been like "Surabaya Johnny." But Weill made the American expression his own, just as he invented the one that has come to signify the whole sorry period before Hitler. As an equal expression of adaptability, Lenya's delivery of the Ogden Nash texts in English were as faultless as her native German in the Brecht lyrics. She was joined, as Jenny in the *Dreigroschenoper*, by Kenneth Chertock (Macheath), Ludwig Donath (Mr. Peachum), Lotta Palfi (Mrs. Peachum), and Didi Van Eyck as Polly.

On the same evening in Philharmonic Hall, Thomas Dunn devoted much of the second half of his program with the Festival Orchestra to the often discussed, seldom performed *Socrate*, which Satie subtitled *Drame Symphonique*. This could be another sample of the wry humor of a man who titled one work *Three Pieces in the form of a Pear* and another *Mass for the Poor*, for it is not really dramatic and hardly symphonic. It is, rather, a musician's reflections on three episodes connected with Socrates: "Le Banquet," "Bords de L'Illissus," and "Mort de Socrate."

The textual matter is the French equivalent of the relevant passages in the *Dialogues* of Plato but the procedure adapted by Satie results less in a setting of the words than a musicalization of their meaning. The voice (originally female) is concerned with a stylized recitation of the syllables, half spoken, half sung; but the poetic essence is conveyed in the flowing, mostly serene, but sometimes agitated instrumental discourse. At a time (1918) when so much writing tended toward the extravagant, the grotesque, and the literal, Satie's pursuit of clarity, finesse, and insinuation was obviously *de mode*. That it has lasted so well, indeed outlasted so much that was considered "progressive" then, is another reminder that artistic creation is determined neither by the clock nor the calendar, but by the substance of what is conveyed. In *Socrate*, it is the community of thought between a rare spirit of one epoch and that of another that vibrates an inner strength belying the delicacy of the means utilized.

Cuénod's sound, at best, was hardly ample, and it has gradually receded toward inaudibility. When activated by such an intelligence as his, however, it has the effect of commanding an ever closer listening attention. This is not to make a virtue of a shortcoming, but to value what is present as more precious than what is absent. Not all the problems of balance had been settled by Dunn, and his intention was certainly keener than his execution, but it was an insinuating experience for all that. The evening was otherwise devoted to Haydn's symphonic trilogy, *Le Matin*, *Le Midi*, and *Le Soir*, with *Socrate* inserted at tea time.

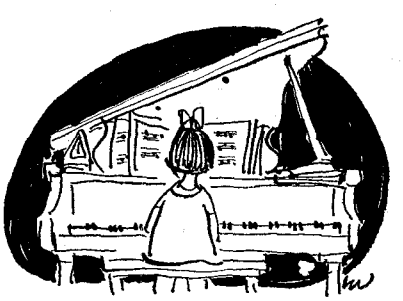
As interpreter of the title role in Handel's *Alcina*, Joan Sutherland has no other competition than Joan Sutherland herself. No available memory, living or in print, can be invoked to set beside what she has been doing lately in this part and did again recently in a concert version sponsored by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall. Vocally as well as musically it was breathtaking, magnificent, even stupendous.

Miss Sutherland is anything but the "artificial soprano" with which the program annotation described the voice of Handel's *Alcina*, the castrato Giovanni Cerestini. She is, as is now fairly well known, a woman of extraordinary perseverance who has converted a general purpose voice into an organ of such special purposes as Handel and Bellini as well as the more usual Verdi and Donizetti. She no longer commands the exceptional clarity as well as the darting flexibility of her first recording of "Tornami a vagheggiar," but it is doubtful that she then sang "Verdi prati, selve amene" as well as she does now. This is to say, she has had to give a little of limpidity and flow to achieve the greater breadth of sound she now commands. What she still can do with the runs and roulades, the sudden sorties to a high F, and the intricate filigree of the writing is an education in vocal discipline.

As a performance of *Alcina*, however, this one was well short of the only possible comparison—her own recorded one. The conductor was the same Richard Bonynge and the Bradamante was the same Monica Sinclair, but it is questionable whether they could really be called "the same" where the conditions of preparation were so different. In any case, Miss Sinclair held to her prior standard more closely than Bonynge did to his.

All the others were not merely different names, but different kinds of singers. Veronica Tyler did tidily what is required of Oberto, and Laurel Hurley's Morgana was creditable to her. As Ruggiero, the Australian mezzo Margreta Elkins left a greater esteem for the strength of her sound than the agility she provided for a task as difficult as "Mi lusinghi." Neither of the male singers (André Montal as Oronte, Spiro Malas as Melisso) had the kind of florid technique to meet Handel's requirements halfway. But then, neither did Miss Sutherland ten years ago. Perhaps by 1975 there will be a complement of others who will profit from her example. One suspects that she will still be her own best exemplar of it.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

A Lot of Living in a Few Words

IN A scholarly magazine, *Studies in Short Fiction*, Professor Thomas A. Gullason of the University of Rhode Island has written an article called "The Short Story: An Underrated Art." He emphasizes the fact that, although it is the older form, the short story receives much less critical attention than the novel, and he points out that the journal in which his article appears, the first of its kind, is less than two years old. He also suggests that many readers underestimate the short story because they don't read well enough. "Many of our great modern short-story writers write in shorthand; and one word, a phrase, can raise the short story to a new level of meaning. There is dignity and hidden depth in the short story."

Gullason also notes that many publishers are loath to publish a volume of short stories unless it is by a well-known writer. Yet collections by new writers do get published. Here we have *Roar Lion Roar and Other Stories*, by Irvin Faust (Random House, $3.95), and *Night Stand*, by James McConkey (Cornell, $3.95). McConkey has published a critical study of E. M. Forster, but this is his first book of fiction. Faust is starting from scratch.

A New Yorker all his life, Faust writes about his native city, and his characters are unmistakably city-dwellers. He likes to show them as they are adjusting or failing to adjust to urban conditions, and he is particularly interested in those who find ways of escape. In "Philco Baby," for instance, Morty lives for the programs on his transistor radio, and is perfectly happy until a determined young woman takes him in hand. Armand in "Into the Green Light" has a most active dream life. The young Puerto Rican in the title story takes his dream so literally that he destroys himself.

Faust's great asset is his sense of human possibilities; his characters refuse to behave as the reader expects them to. In "Miss Dorothy Thompson's American Eaglet" the narrator, a fairly typical city boy of sixteen or so, enlists—this is 1942—in a farm project sponsored by Miss Thompson. Ignorant and romantic, a starry-eyed greenhorn, he goes to Vermont and falls in with an uncommonly unattractive and improvident family. At first he makes the predictable mistakes, but in time he proves himself so diligent and so intelligent that he betters the economic lot of his hosts and wins their admiring friendship.

In "The Madras Rumble" the narrator, a social worker, reluctantly takes on as a volunteer assistant an unprepossessing Indian student named Wilmat Shankar. From the first Wilmat proves to be a natural leader of youth, and soon is held in affection and respect by some of the toughest boys in Harlem. He succeeds so well with them that he has them participating in dramatic demonstrations for peace, thus embarrassing his sponsor. And there is one more twist after the narrator has succeeded in convincing Wilmat that peaceful resistance does not work.

Faust uses the urban vernacular with authority. In "The Madras Rumble" there is the tough talk of the boys. In "The World's Fastest Human" the narrator employs a somewhat inflated journalese, with Beatnik touches. The boldest stylistic venture of all is in the title story, which is written entirely in the third person but uses the vocabulary and phraseology of the Puerto Rican hero.

I am not quite happy about all the stories. "Jake Bluffstein and Adolph Hitler," which tells how a Jew became an anti-Semite, is not convincing on either literary or psychological grounds. "Googs in Lambarene," a kind of fantasy, is also hard to believe in, though there are amusing passages. But all the stories are interesting, several are good, and a couple are first-rate.

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McConkey's stories are more conventional than Faust's in subject-matter but more experimental in form. Six of the twelve stories are unabashedly autobiographical: the "I" is named James McConkey; he has a wife and three sons; he teaches in a college located in Ithaca. We are supposed to believe, and I do believe, that everything in these stories really and truly happened. These are, in the most literal sense of the phrase, personal experiences. McConkey's art lies in the way he presents them, arranges them, relates them to a central theme.

How McConkey works is illustrated by the first story, "An Essay on a Premonition and Eight Heads." He begins with two disasters, neither of which he has actually witnessed, and tells how he has been affected by his impressions of them. He then tells how, during the war, he was left unmoved by a pile of corpses but was touched by the sight of a dismembered cow. He describes a spectacle by which he and his wife were deeply affected—a flock of wild

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geese outlined against Northern lights. ("I don't think I've ever been so happy," his wife says. "I'm happy enough to die.") Thus he comes to the premonition, the sudden conviction of domestic tragedy, which he attempts to analyze. Quietly he tells how he reached home, "after a moment or eternity of panic," to find, of course, that nothing was wrong. The quietness does not deceive us, for we have lived through the experience with him.

Other stories deserve to be examined, but I shall speak only of one, and that briefly. Called "A Report to the Trustees," it tells of six months spent in France on a fellowship. It is a series of impressions of life abroad, some of which call up memories of life at home. Weaving back and forth in time, making each of the impressions as vivid and rich as possible, McConkey achieves an impressive revelation.

John Updike has worked with this method, making stories out of memories that seem to be unrelated until their unity is suddenly revealed to us. McConkey hasn't Updike's great gift of language, but he writes freshly and shapes with precision each of the blocks of which the story is made. Stories in this form do not have the dramatic force of some of Faust's tales, but they can give acute pleasure.

Professor Gullason is right in saying that the short story has been neglected by scholars and underestimated by general readers. One trouble with the general reader is that he usually encounters short stories in magazines, casually picked up and casually put down, and gives them less than half his attention. But, as Gullason says, the modern short story is not far from poetry in depth of meaning and subtlety of expression, and makes almost as stringent demands upon the reader. To read either Faust's collection or McConkey's as they deserve to be read requires effort, but the effort is rewarded.

—Granville Hicks.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1120

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1120 will be found in the next issue.

GZL DLBPLG XQ ALSCE F AXPL

SD GX GLYY LTLPVGZSCE.

TXYGFSPL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1119

The soul lives by avoiding what it dies by affecting.

—Saint Augustine.

ON THE FRINGE

"Call Me Cubby"

THE SIX stories that make up Hubert Selby, Jr.'s *Last Exit to Brooklyn* (*SR*, Nov. 7) take the reader into a world of drugs, perversion, and brutality. The language is as tough as the people. It is difficult to read *Last Exit* and not wonder about the author. The picture on the back of the book tells you nothing. It is of an open, slightly beefy, thirtyish face. Only the suggestion of what seems to be a sweatshirt fits with the rough image the book leaves behind. When I met Hubert Selby, Jr., I found out that even the dustjacket photograph was wrong.

When I entered the Selby living room, I met a thin man of thirty-six in severe, black-rimmed glasses, sprawled in an easy chair and chuckling over the wind-up of a Charlie Chan movie on TV. I sat down and looked around while Selby caught me up on the plot of the film and told me who done it. As it turned out ten minutes later, he had picked the wrong man.

The room was as sprawled and comfortable as its occupant. There was a Turkish water pipe on the floor in one corner, a Chinese water pipe on a table nearby. Under the television set was a stack of games—Bingo, Parcheesi, Scrabble, and Monopoly. On the walls were two prints of Michelangelo drawings, a stand on which rested a boat model Selby had built, several oil paintings—one looked like a giant green turnip, another like a blue atomic cloud—given to the author by artist friends. On an end table beside Hubert Selby rested a worn black Bible. "I got it as a child. For ten Sunday School attendance cards."

When he smiled, there was an open space where an eye tooth should have been. "I have one that fits in there. I wear it on special occasions."

His wife, Judy, a legal stenographer, came into the room. "He just doesn't want you to think he doesn't have one." She was a slender, very pretty woman, with straight black hair down to her shoulders.

"Someone suggested that I have a picture of myself with my wife put on the book jacket so people would know I was not a homosexual. I said, 'God, no. Think of all the faggots who buy books.'

"Call me Cubby. I've had the name since I was six or seven. I was once on a team called the Bear Cubs, but I don't think it came from there. Maybe you end up with Cubby when everyone else is Vinnie or Artie and you are Hubert.

"It's gratifying to me that so many academic people have liked my books for the right reasons. They've gone beyond the four-letter words to see what I'm trying to say about people. When the Beats were in, my stories were liked for the down-with-everything reasons. I worked on this book for six years. I have so much to learn. I have to reread everything I write to find out what sneaked in subconsciously; then I rework consciously.

"My mother's reaction pleased me so much. She is very refined, doesn't like bad language at all. And you know what she said? 'Oh, those poor people. If only someone could help them.'

"My father's an engineer in a power house. My folks still live in Brooklyn. My family's been in this country for 350 years. My father's family settled around the Jamestown Colony. Mother's was part of the Plymouth Settlement. They came over about ten years after the *Mayflower*. One of my grandmothers—I forget how many greats go before it—had all seven of her sons in the Civil War. At one time my ancestors owned all of the Flatbush flatlands in Brooklyn. What I dig is that the family has nothing to show for it. But my family is one of inherent gentleness; that's what I consider aristocracy.

"I was a football player at fifteen. Weighed 165 pounds then. I never pushed my head much in school. Never read at all. Mine was a physical life. Right after school—P.S. 102—I went to sea. Merchant marine. And then I got TB and my life went to hell.

"Three years in a hospital on Staten Island. One lung was collapsed, a piece of the other one, too. I was given the last rites three times. Lost eight ribs on one side, two on the other."

He poked his hand in under his left armpit. His fingers sank into the shirt. Cubby smiled and went on in the same even, soft voice. "I just gave up when I got out of the hospital. That's how I ended up around 58th and Second in Brooklyn, where the book takes place. I went down there, I guess, looking for sympathy or hoping maybe I'd get killed. Something.

"I was a ringer down there. People there told me that when I was loaded I preached to them. Socrates, things like that. It sounds like me. When I first started writing, I wrote social documents. It was terrible. I have to fight my Puritanism, my preaching. I want to

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preach but not in such an overt manner.

"I'm against sin. Sin has become an ambiguous thing in our society. It's not concrete, except maybe burglary or murder. Hurting people, being vicious is sin. People don't even regard it as wrong. Why, if someone puts 300,000 people out of work and they die of starvation, that's okay today. It's not a sin so long as someone makes a profit. And I don't believe in infidelity. I've never been unfaithful. I guess that's weird, too.

"Anyway, at the end of six months I was back in the hospital with TB again. Suddenly, I realized that I must be alive for some reason. God was giving me a chance to atone. There had to be a reason for my being alive. I had a responsibility to the people—like my family—who wanted me to live. That's when I started reading.

"When I got out, I went to school and became a secretary. I learned Pitman. I got a job as a secretary in a mail-order house. It's never been easy for me to get jobs. Not with my medical record. I've got asthma, too. That's why the air conditioner's on in winter. Just the fan part. It helps clear the air.

"At the time I decided I had to try to write, I was married—my first wife—and had a three-year-old daughter. I quit my job and bought a typewriter. I looked at it for a couple of weeks. I finally wrote a letter to a friend. When he answered, I wrote another letter. Then finally I started 'The Queen Is Dead,' one of the stories in the book. And then I stopped. Where was I going? What did it mean? I couldn't go on until I understood.

"I found in writing the only thing that gives me gratification, not that it's a joy to do. The contract for the book was signed with Grove Press two and a half years ago. I don't know why there was a delay. I think it was that they had a court case pending. Whatever caused the delay, it was fortuitous for me. My book might have had trouble two years ago.

"My next book is a novel. The same area, same people. It's got a working title, *With a Whimper*. I write nights because of my job. I'm with an insurance agency. I calculate insurance programs."

He opened his wallet and took out a picture of Isaac Babel. He had cut it from the dustjacket of *The Collected Stories of Isaac Babel*. "He's my idol. One of the greatest writers who ever lived. I read him for inspiration and comfort. The first time I read *The Collected Stories* I just wigged out.

"About my book—I never thought it would be a success. Last I heard, there were over 40,000 copies sold. Can you imagine? My wife bought a hair dryer and some new dresses. I finally got new shoes and two new shirts. Pizza pie anytime we want. We're living high on the hog."

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Africa After Independence

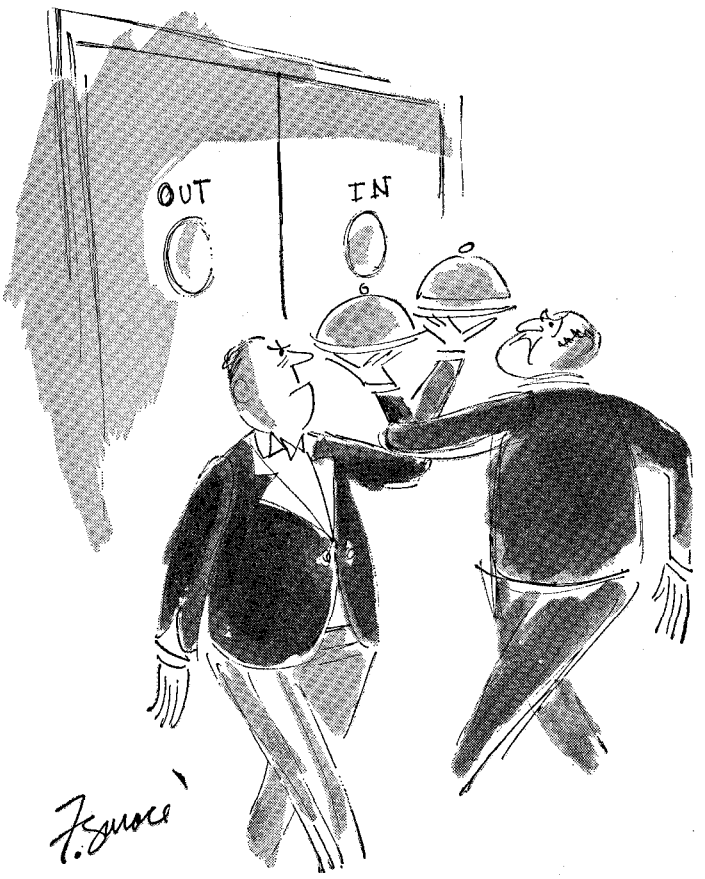
The Importance of Being Black: An Asian Looks at Africa, *by Frank Moraes (Macmillan. 436 pp. $8.95), is a report by the editor of the Indian Express on the problems of nationalism, racism, and independence troubling the former "Dark Continent." Robert A. Manners, who is chairman of the anthropology department at Brandeis University, was the editor of the recently published "Process and Pattern in Culture."*

By ROBERT A. MANNERS

IN HIS preface to *Inside Africa* John Gunther remarked somewhat wistfully that "in Africa . . . facts are not always easy to come by." Some ten years and thirty-odd independencies later this is no longer true. Both inside and outside Africa, "facts" about the former Dark Continent have become so available and so abundant that most premature "Africanists" find that they must now specialize in a part of the whole. Nevertheless, books with Africa-wide pretensions in time and/or space continue to appear, suggesting that there is still a market for the continental survey of history, politics, economics, or culture —particularly when such a survey boasts a new point of view or a new principle of organization.

Frank Moraes's book promises, in the words of the dustjacket, "a unique 'third view' " of the continent. Or, in the more modest phrasing of the author's foreword, this Indian's account "might have a certain exotic interest for Europeans and Africans, representing as it does a betwixt-and-between view."

Ever since James Baldwin made white Americans uneasy about their capacity for understanding the depths of the Negro's humiliations, it has become fashionable in certain intellectual communities to prescribe racial and cultural guidelines for empathy. But Indian culture is not homogeneous. Also, Mr. Moraes's travels, training and experience



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have obviously "Westernized" him. In any event, this is no Deccan villager or Nigerian tribesman looking at emerging Africa but a sophisticated author whose reactions and interpretations matter, if they matter at all, not because they reveal a "third" or a "betwixt-and-between" view but because they result from a careful collection and ordering of the facts and from analysis and interpretation based on these facts. Thus, apart from a few references to India and his Indianism, there is little in Moraes's account to suggest that it would have been very different had he been born in New York rather than in Bombay. Moraes is a journalist, a top-notch reporter turned editor of an outstanding metropolitan daily newspaper, the *Indian Express*. This, with some of its advantages and occasional shortcomings, is what comes through in his analysis of Africa.

Moraes has taken the whole of modern Africa, more specifically Africa since World War II, for his province. And although he touches on other matters, he devotes most of his discussion to political events and the political future of the nations of Africa.

Like most books on modern Africa, this one suffers from the hopeless attempt to update materials right through the page proofs. As a consequence, many of the more recent developments appear as footnotes and tag ends of paragraphs which often make earlier passages embarrassingly irrelevant or plain wrong. Thus, while Tshombe's triumphal return to the Congo in 1964 is dutifully recorded, an earlier entry in the same chapter refers to his "sharp, devious, brittle, agile and mercurial" mind, which "finally proved his undoing." Apparently the same kind of mind is useful as well for undoing the undone.

MORAES is opposed to one-party states, nationalization of land or industries, and racial counter-assertion. Hence a good part of his critique is directed at the individuals and the political ideologies that encourage the development of these features. He rejects U Thant's suggestion that "democracy requires only freedom for opposition, not necessarily its organized resistance." Nor would Moraes be likely to accept Wallerstein's proposition that "the one-party system in the African context is often a significant step toward the liberal state, not a first step away from it." Mr. Moraes believes that one-party states must inevitably become dictatorships.

For the tentative moves towards collectivization and nationalization now being attempted in some of the new independencies he would substitute incentives to peasant cultivation and the extension of private enterprise in mining and manufacture. And while Moraes is not altogether without hope for Africa, he refers—somewhat impatiently, it seems to me—to the record of the independencies up to now as "far from reassuring." He believes that "the coming decade bristles with the menace of more bloodshed and upheaval" in the "independent countries [which] find themselves in a ferment of revolution." Efforts to counter or suppress upheaval will be marked by "a general descent into tyranny" through the mechanism of the one-party state, for the "more forward-looking" leaders who "are opposed to the one-party system" are a pitiful minority.

Moraes interprets the Africans' efforts to achieve equality with the whites as evidence of "superiority toward the non-black"—hence *The Importance of Being Black*. He finds that "chauvinism . . . in . . . Africa . . . takes shapes which often puzzle and sometimes repel the European and Asian, stressing color as the dividing line." One wonders which of the masters from whom the Africans learned about color are puzzled or repelled.

INEVITABLY, in a book of this scope and length, one may spot errors of fact. A few of those that struck me most forcibly follow. 1) Moraes reports that "slavery was declared illegal first by Britain in 1807 and by all the other European powers by 1836." Fact: the slave trade was ended by Britain in 1807; emancipation did not come until 1833. Slavery was not abolished in Puerto Rico until 1873, in Cuba not until 1880, and in Brazil not until 1888. Throughout most of this time slaves continued to be exported from Africa to supply the demands of New World plantation agriculture. 2) The author refers once to "the Hamitic Hypothesis" but accepts completely the generally discarded Seligman racial classification—which assigns most cultural plusses in Africa to an assumed admixture of Caucasoid blood. 3) In one place Moraes says that the Masai of Kenya and Tanganyika number 1,300,000. Elsewhere he reports 60,000 Masai for Kenya alone. This would leave about 1,240,000 Masai in Tanganyika, a figure at least ten to fifteen times larger than the most generous "official" estimates. 4) Moraes writes that "Sierra Leone is *thought* to have iron ore and diamond deposits" (emphasis added). Fact: the value of diamond exports from Sierra Leone in 1961 was $44,713,360; of iron ore $13,083,938. Mining accounts for more than 70 per cent of the country's exports by value.

Moraes emphasizes that "talk . . . of the congenital, irremovable, mental backwardness of the African . . . [has] no reality, relevance or meaning." The "seeming backwardness . . . is not the result of anything intrinsically inferior in the African's mental makeup but of the deliberate denial to him of opportunity for development." Yet when it comes to an assessment of the Africans' maturity in general, Moraes often speaks in extravagant, pejorative, or stereotypical tones—and without any suggestion that the features or characteristics to which he refers are not intrinsic or inherent:

"The African . . . likes to mimic Europeans . . . but oddly enough he has no sense of the ridiculous . . . being an exuberant extrovert he delights in oratory, singing, and dancing."

"Gbedemah [of Ghana] is said to have some German blood, which probably accounts for his Teutonic efficiency."

"By nature Lumumba was unpredictable and, though more mentally gifted than most of his countrymen, he shared with them a strong streak of instability and immaturity."

"Tom [Mboya] can be didactic in manner and, like most African leaders, has the makings of a dictator."

"Africans are often juvenile to the point of being infantile in their reactions and manifestations."

"But the African's greatest deterrent is his lack of education, which . . . makes him stubbornly impervious to ideas other than his own [?], and wafts him in a cloud-cuckoo-land of his own imagination and devising."

IN short, *The Importance of Being Black* is a book that sometimes carelessly weds opinion to fact and prejudice to prognostication. Nevertheless, there is much useful information and interpretation embedded in its length. For example, there is a chapter devoted to Albert Schweitzer which skilfully balances praise of the doctor's work with a certain skepticism about his true feelings for the objects of his labor. Two chapters about the former Belgian Congo give a detailed and sympathetic account of events there, including a merciless indictment of the role of British officialdom in shoring up Tshombe's separatism in the early days. Also the section on South Africa contains a short but devastating review of *apartheid* and the prospects for Bantustanization. (Significantly South Africa was a country Moraes could not visit because he was denied an entry visa.)

Moraes tells us that his book is the product of study and "a four-month tour of the continent." To one reader *The Importance of Being Black* suggests that it may now be time to call a moratorium on big books about Africa—or at least on big books whose authors bite off more than any one man may expect to chew with dignity and decorum.

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History with a Shade of Difference

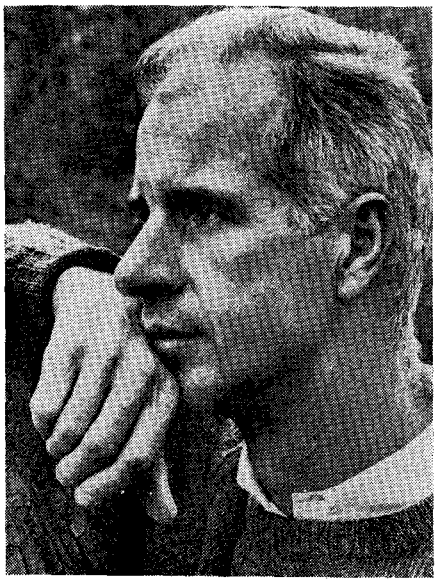
***White Lotus**, by John Hersey (Knopf. 683 pp. $6.95), a fantasy, pictures the plight of white Americans conquered and enslaved by the Chinese in the early twentieth century. Hope Hale is a critic and short story writer.*

By HOPE HALE

EVER since John Hersey caught the conscience and the imagination of the world with *Hiroshima* he appears to have been searching for another subject as momentous. His massive novel *The Wall* (1950) described the Nazi slaughter of the Jews in Warsaw's ghetto during World War II. In this as in *Hiroshima* he piled detail upon detail to create a picture that everyone recognized as valid. His subsequent novels have not had this undercurrent of recent history to enhance them. For instance, no matter how disenchanted with American materialist mores, readers of *The Child Buyer* (1960) knew that it was not likely to become possible for a man to set about cornering the market on high-I.Q. youth. Though Mr. Hersey's latest book is also a fantasy, it is based on historical reality.

The heroine, a simple Arizona Methodist girl of fifteen, receives the name White Lotus when she is taken to China on a slave ship and sold to an aristocratic family in Peking. The time at the beginning of the novel seems to be roughly the early Twenties, judging by the Pierce Arrows and Packards of the "syndicate" bosses who have been lawlessly ruling the U.S. since the nation's defeat by "the yellows." Yet the China in which White Lotus finds herself is an ancient one in customs, dress, government—in everything but the presence of millions of enslaved whites. There are no signs of Communist revolutionary activity, and the civil war that finally comes, fought in the name of the emperor's "Grand Harmonious Mercy Errand" of freeing the whites, is clearly patterned on ours of 1861-65. There is an underground railway ("mole run") and Chinese versions of draft riots, carpetbagging, and the Ku Klux Klan.

In an author's note we are expressly warned against letting such parallels interfere with our response to "a history that might have been, a tale of an old shoe on a new foot." And a magnificently rich, absorbing tale it is. The lively young heroine is impossible to



—Russell O. Kuhner.

John Hersey—conscience-catcher.

resist: we go willingly with her on a long series of dangerous adventures; we share her love affairs, religious discipleship, indiscretions, her striving for learning, her heartbreak; her changes of master, her rebellions and flights; her village nestbuilding and city vagrancy; her part in pillage, fire, war, famine; her friendships with dozens of live and varied men and women—all in settings that are exotic yet utterly real. And there are times when we feel with her the full indignity of being white. One among literally scores of vivid scenes is the hog-killing at the farm, an agonizing experience for the heroine not only because of the tasks she is given but because of her painfully sharpened sensitivity to the term "pig" commonly used by the yellows for the whites, ". . . connoting our skin, our filth, our disgusting greediness, our degradation, our grunting speech and clumsy [unbound] feet, our 'bad eyes,' our light and often curling hair, our hopeless single fate: to fatten our owners. . . ."

Here Hersey has succeeded in genuinely imagining a white as slave, but in drawing his parallel he sometimes borrows too simply from the American Negro stereotype. Often a character who has hitherto behaved believably will suddenly seem to remember his historic role and act like the endman in an old-fashioned minstrel show. He cackles with laughter at a fish feast, jazzes up gospel hymns, and in ticklish situations resorts to playing dumb. His Chinese master sees him as a "happy child of nature," "born lazy," who tells lies "like little children," and has mysterious sexual potency.

History is full of slavery, and with each group of captives it becomes a different experience. The Western U.S. white of 1923 might have changed disastrously under slavery in China, but the change would have been his own. It is impossible not to wish that John Hersey, who went so far in this novel, had taken the final step of fully reimagining his vision.

Laugh in the Face of Evil

***The Final Beast**, by Frederick Buechner (Atheneum. 276 pp. $4.50), interprets contemporary American experience in terms of a Christianity devoted to life and laughter. Chester E. Eisinger, who is a professor of English at Purdue, wrote "Fiction of the Forties."*

By CHESTER E. EISINGER

FREDERICK BUECHNER is a stylish and witty writer whose prose has moved steadily toward greater clarity and directness since he published his first novel some fifteen years ago. And the center of his novelistic concern has also moved, from Greek myth to the realm of Christianity, so that in his latest book, *The Final Beast*, he dedicates his well-bred talents to the service of religious fiction. The theme of this novel is the inefficacy of evil in the face of the genuine joy encompassed in Christianity. It is a Christianity devoted to life and laughter, since in Buechner's version of religion sin is the condition of "not being full of joy." It is a pleasure to report that this happy view of the religious experience in America is a genuine contribution in our time to the serious fiction of faith.

To be sure, the exploration of the spiritual condition of modern man is an enterprise conspicuously neglected by Americans who write from a real and confessed religious commitment. When a distinguished journal held a symposium on "Religion and the Intellectuals" some years ago, it was assumed that the re-

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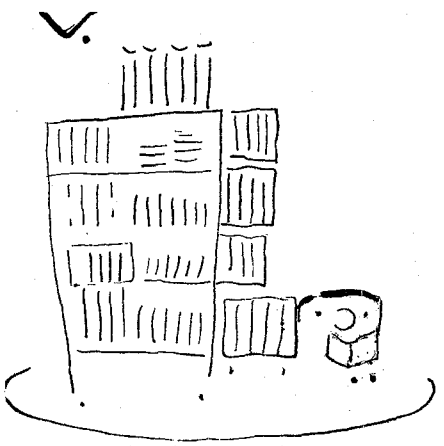
vival of religion had been more noticeable in the literary world than anywhere else. But the numerous participants were not able to discuss a single American fiction writer who had taken part in this revival. Many writers of the past decade or so have used the language and ideas of religion, but few have taken the final step, as Buechner has, toward the belief that makes and dictates a total vision of experience. What further sets Beuchner apart is the way in which he differs from the so-called "hard" interpreters of Christianity, who, in the period since the war, have emphasized the salutary and necessary effects of pain and suffering in the pursuit of salvation. Indeed, Buechner's religion is curiously akin to the faith of that small Jewish sect known as the Hasidim, who believe, as Martin Buber tells us, in life itself and in exalted joy during every hour of life.

The Final Beast is the story of two people who think that if they run away they may not solve their problems, but they might forget them. Theodore Nicolet, the protagonist, a man who has unspoken conversations with the Christ in people, comes to see the futility of flight to nowhere. His father and his grandfather had been runaways, one of them living by a secular idealism that had in the end proved noble but fruitless. Nicolet goes beyond his forebears when he acquires the gift of the Holy Spirit and later undergoes a mystical experience: an agony of gladness and beauty flows through him when two apple tree branches rub together in the silence of the orchard. After this he is fully ready to discharge his mission as a minister of God.

His parishioner, Rooney Vail, is also a runaway. She is searching for faith and, in quite a literal way, for life, since she wants to have a baby. When she learns to pray and when Nicolet can offer her God's forgiveness for her adulterous sin, she is restored to a loving relationship with mankind and is, miraculously, now able to bear a child. She believes in a miracle and one is granted to her. Rooney prays for life and it is given to her.

The forces of evil in this novel are represented by a newspaper columnist who wishes to link Rooney and her minister in a sinful union. He is a man who is convinced that loveliness is infernal, who believes that the world resents and envies goodness and would pull it down. But the evil he does under the impetus of these convictions does not work. In part he is frustrated by Irma Reinwasser, the Jewish refugee who, out of her suffering and love, offers Nicolet her protection. In part he is defeated by the force of faith itself. The novel ends with the sins of all, those who suffer and those who cause to suffer, expiated and purged away in holy laughter.

Mr. Buechner's treatment of his religious themes is then neither solemn nor grim. His neatly plotted story is quietly unfolded in a rather underplayed way: he urbanely insists on the reality of miracles and faith. And here perhaps is the major weakness of his novel. He is committed to a civilized treatment of matters essentially immune to the disciplining and ordering impulses of the civilizing temperament. Not the ecstasy of holy joy, not the wild improbability of miracle, not the size of evil and sin that men must overcome—none of these is urgently present to Buechner, alive and rendered by his imagination. Yet in its own modest and rather bland way, *The Final Beast,* offering a religious interpretation of contemporary American experience, expands our areas of consciousness and widens the perspectives of the American novel.



Mama Remembered the Old Country

The Fortunate Pilgrim, *by Mario Puzo (Atheneum. 301 pp. $5.75), focusing on an Italian-American community, dramatizes the collision between Old and New World values. Sheldon Grebstein has just finished a study of John O'Hara for the Twayne United States Authors Series, to which he contributed a critique of Sinclair Lewis in 1962.*

By SHELDON GREBSTEIN

AN EVOCATIVE and fluent prose unmarred by mannerisms, a sensitivity to the quality of the relationships between individuals within a family, an authentic knowledge of milieu, and a gusto exhibited both in hilariously comic and laceratingly painful scenes—these are among the gifts manifest in Mario Puzo's second novel. The narrative moves simultaneously on two levels. First, it chronicles fifteen years in the personal history of an Italian immigrant family living in lower Manhattan, and on this level Mr. Puzo incisively conveys the emotional undercurrents surging beneath the tempestuous and often crude day-to-day experience of poor folk whose prime concern is survival, and after that, if possible, respectability. Second, the writer renders with fidelity the lifestyle of an Italian-American community in which Old Country values of propriety, order, and obedience to established authority collide with New World ambition, initiative, and disdain for tradition.

Able as is its treatment of an environment, the novel derives its urgency and excellence mainly from the portrayal of the Angeluzzi-Corbo family, and espepecially from its luminously visualized matriarch, Lucia Santa, whose love and strength bring her children through death, madness, adversity, sickness, pain, and her own sins of the heart. In searching for an analogue we are reminded of Pilar in Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* although Lucia Santa might best be compared to those fierce, tender, unlettered, cunning and wise immigrant mothers we know from reality.

Unhappily for the novel's ultimate success, the four children whose fates comprise another of the author's major concerns are far less credible. Larry, the amiable Lothario of the family, is drawn most persuasively and provides some of the book's best scenes and much of its comedy. However, Larry is the least complex of the children. Octavia convinces fully only in those episodes in which she interacts with Lucia Santa, while Gino and Vincenzo, the two sons who carry within themselves the deepest darkness and who therefore might have been used to communicate the largest truths, are never wholly coherent. Since the story's final crisis depends heavily upon Vincenzo's suicide, the fuzziness of his delineation becomes one of the book's irreparable defects. On the other hand, Mr. Puzo sketches in minor characters with broad, sure strokes. Dr. Barbato, living testimony to the efficacy of the bootstrap, and Mr. La Fortezza, the shyly larcenous social worker, are done with striking vividness.

A solid work of realism, this novel imparts much of the texture of life and something of life's unpredictability.

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Patterns of Doom: The teen-agers first met in a juvenile court: one, a defiant delinquent disowned by hateful parents; the other, the magistrate's loving daughter. Their circumstances could hardly have been more different, yet there was an affinity between them that lasted through many vicissitudes. In *Kate and Emma* (Coward-McCann, $4.95), Monica Dickens's novel of London life in the slums and suburbia, each girl speaks in the authentic voice of her respective social class as in the next few years their paths cross and recross. The tale each tells is tragic, although what holds Kate and Emma bound in friendship is their zest for life, sense of fun, and enjoyment of fantasy.

After a short period of happiness in a good foster home Kate marries a moron by whom she is pregnant. Three more babies follow quickly; meanwhile the shiftless husband loses his unskilled job, resorts to petty theft, and goes to jail. Kate seems doomed to repeat the squalid pattern of her own deplorable home, as though poverty were an inheritable, recurrent disease, incurable in spite of all the efforts of the English welfare state to mitigate the severity of its attacks. Poor laughter-loving Kate winds up in a mental home in her mid-twenties, placidly unaware that her children have had to be rescued from her cruelty and neglect.

Emma repeatedly helps in one crisis after another, but her life too is in a tangle. Out of sympathy with her defeatist mother, disillusioned about her adored father, burdened with an arid career in the family business of developing a chain of super super markets, she suffers as a final frustration a desperate passion for a married man with an undivorceable wife.

Richly detailed, the lives of these two young women are related with exactitude, sympathy, psychological insight, and flashes of humor. The novel is full of convincing character sketches of rich and poor, wise and foolish, stuffily respectable and ineptly criminal—all human and all too human. Yet Monica Dickens, great-granddaughter of the great Charles, is quite pitiless in dooming her two vividly real heroines to misery. The moral inferred from this tale of warm hearts and kind intentions is that you just can't win.

—Aileen Pippett.

No Stopping the Presses: What happens to a big metropolitan newspaper when its brilliant young publisher suddenly drops dead? Either the *Mail* in Richard Powell's *Daily and Sunday* (Scribners, $4.95) will be sold to a successful chain and thus lose its character, or a member of the current management will be elected to take over. The most prestigious vote is held by the chairman of the board, Paul Wynnefield, an affable man of means who, having had a heart attack, is not pushing himself hard. His inclination is to take the spiritless but financially sound course of selling out. At this stage, readers may begin to wonder whether the calculating corporate bad guys are going to score once again over the idealistic individualists.

If the answer to that question were the only point to the story, this would not be much of a book. But the author, who was a reporter for the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* for ten years, is more interested in the workings of a newspaper than in high finance, and he wisely avoids a subject already expertly explored by Theodore White in *The View from the Fortieth Floor*. Instead, in a series of vignettes, he examines the lives of various contenders for the job of publisher.

There is the tough, ex-football-playing circulation manager, who trains a juvenile delinquent to sell papers. There is the lonely woman's-page editor, who discovers a lesbian tendency in herself. The advertising manager is a problem drinker. The managing editor writes fantasy news stories to release emotions concealed from the world. The general manager is neurotically jealous of his young wife. The treasurer has a weakness for girls on the staff.

The fiction is salted with newspaper publishing statistics. If you want to know the cost of newsprint, how fast presses run, what department stores pay for lineage, it's all here, presumably to add verisimilitude to a quite believable if not too exciting story. But the journalistic activity of the *Mail*—the fast-breaking stories, the crusades, the actual product—is scarcely mentioned.

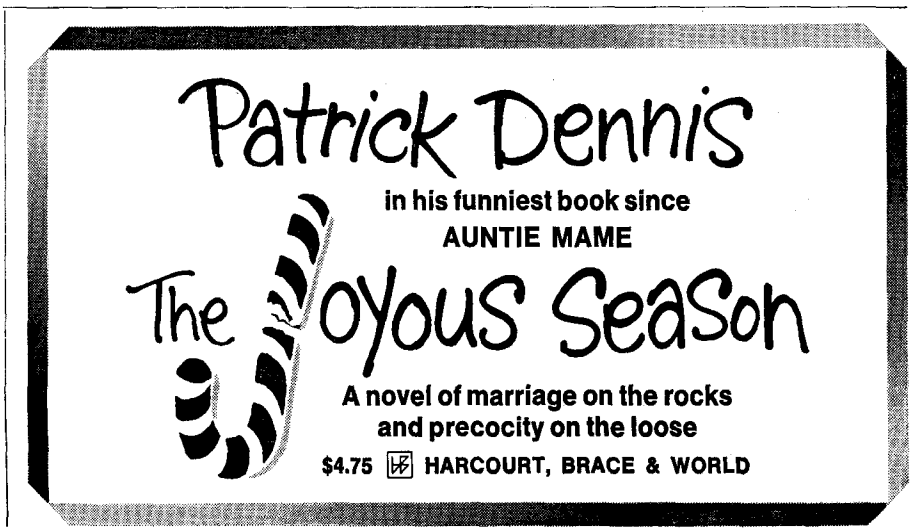
In this bit of light entertainment Mr. Powell has (perhaps unintentionally) exposed the contradiction of mass-circulation journalism: editorial content, by its nature highly personal, depends on the successful operation of rather impersonal industrial and commercial departments; the non-editorial side may actually be more important to a paper's survival than the copy. This fact explains for me the lack of punch in *Daily and Sunday*. The city room of the lousiest rag is still ten times more exciting than the board room of the best.

—Robert W. Minton.

Tea and Sympathy: Set in New York's West Side, *Catch a Brass Canary*, by Donna Hill (Lippincott, $3.95), gathers most of its microcosmic population into a run-down branch of the Public Library. Here the librarians drink tea and contemplate their mission, the clerks search for the meaning of love, and the pages discover that petty jealousies are not the answer to anything. Add to this literary cauldron one Rupert, a pathological censor, "a little bit nuts but nice . . . ," who mutilates books to save society, and a regenerate young Puerto Rican hoodlum, Miguel Campos, who escapes his delinquency to discover art.

Generally the characters are shallow, the mixture of romance and violence too melodramatic, and the solutions altogether too simple. The novel is overpopulated, overplotted, and the result is another social tract on tolerance. Technically, Miss Hill has chosen an elliptical, fragmentary descriptive style designed to add some life to routine intervals of dialogue. "Crash," she writes of a gang beating. "Sound of breaking glass. More laughter." But this adds nothing to the narrative and only serves to call attention to itself.

However, if her performance is not all that it might be, the author's intention is worth a comment. She is aware of the chaos of circumstance and abhors the casuistry of discrimination. So her treatise is worthy if her treatment is lacking. Beyond this, it is only fair to express confidence that Miss Hill will likely improve; her brass canary is a far cry from Yeats's golden bird, but her novel does point up that capability for sympathy without which no writer can succeed. —William C. Hamlin.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She Wore a Crown and a Widow's Cap

Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed, *by Elizabeth Longford (Harper & Row. 635 pp. $8.50), based on hitherto unavailable sources, permits "a leisurely stare behind the scenes" at the woman whose name has become the synonym for an era. Roger Fulford is author of a biography of the Prince Consort as well as of Victoria and her uncles.*

By ROGER FULFORD

IF QUEEN VICTORIA had never lived Victorian England would certainly have had to invent something like her. She seemed to symbolize not so much the majesty of the monarchy as the divine mission of her people. At the end of her reign a small boy who had heard his elders discussing the ruler asked them, "Does Queen Victoria belong to this world?" For to her people she did indeed appear to be poised between heaven and earth, and when those well-filled churches prayed that their Queen "might evermore have affiance in Thee," such a petition sounded natural and seemly. Was there not understanding between the Lord of the Heavens and the Lady of the Highlands? By her outward behavior Queen Victoria crowned the deep religious awe of the nineteenth-century English people.

Or so they thought. For the fascination of this fine biography is that it reveals what the Queen was, rather than what people thought she was. The Countess of Longford, who has been allowed by the present Queen to examine Victoria's private correspondence, gives us not so much a peep as a long, leisurely stare behind the scenes. We learn, for example, that the Queen was afflicted by what she called "flashes of doubtfulness" about religion, and once asked a future Archbishop of Canterbury whether such things ever came over him. Yet whatever her private feelings may have been, she saw, with that penetrating singleness of mind which was one of her salient characteristics, that religion and the throne were inextricably bound together; and she once wrote, "Disbelief in God leads to lack of reverence for those in authority, including parents."

One of the many interesting questions considered by this book is whether the Queen damaged or strengthened herself by withdrawing into seclusion after the Prince Consort died in 1861. Half her life lay ahead; she was still comparatively young, and a friend who saw her was struck by the desolate look on the youthful face in its widow's cap. But in Windsor Castle the dead lived on; every evening for forty years the Prince's clothes were set out and a can of hot water and a clean towel put ready for him. For the Queen, and every English widow in easy circumstances, there was a sacred ritual of widowhood, of which weeds and expression of face were an essential part; to think of remarrying was a blasphemy. (Lady Longford effectively disposes of the silly gossip that the Queen secretly married her Highland attendant, John Brown, a tale that makes an excellent Victorian novelette but not history.) The widowhood and seclusion of the Queen did unquestionably touch some chord in the heart of Victorian England. As Lady Longford shrewdly points out, the marriage bed looms large in the thoughts of us in the 1960s, but our great-grandparents in the 1860s were absorbed by a different bed —that of death. Queen Victoria did not of course create the English widow, but as the "Widow of Windsor" she gave the species immortality. Although the upper and official classes objected to the sparkle of the crown being hidden in the widow's veil, the withdrawal made the woman more mysterious and added to the monarchical pull.

One other point that this book brings out clearly is the natural authority of the Queen's personality, her shyness notwithstanding. Certainly Victoria's diffidence was not a hereditary characteristic; her mother was voluble, and her father, the Duke of Kent, was the least inhibited of men. (He was the first member of George III's family to visit America after Independence, and made himself extremely popular in Boston.) Victoria had the advantage of a voice "remarkable for its extreme clarity and precision." It is likely that, except when she had to keep her somewhat turbulent children in order, she never raised her voice in her life. Effortless speech of that kind is one of the handmaids of dignity.

We can estimate how formidable the Queen really was from what Lady Longford tells about her relations with Gladstone. He rather amusingly compared them to those between a mule and its rider: the latter is aware of the faithfulness of the brute, but cannot work up the slightest degree of feeling for it. The great statesman minded this acutely, and at the end of his life sought occasions to be noticed by the Queen and even dreamed frequently that he had been asked to breakfast alone with her.

Lord Tennyson, in his ode on the Duke of Wellington, describes him as "rich in saving common sense." Lady Longford evidently feels that the key to an understanding of the Queen's great-

—From the book.

Disraeli adds the Imperial Crown of India to the Queen's portrait. From a lampoon inspired by her assumption of the title "Empress of India."

—From the book.

John Brown tends the Queen's sprained thumb in a cartoon from "John Brown's Legs, or Leaves from a Journal in the Lowlands," a parody published in New York.

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ness lies in the selfsame quality. She was a tangle of prejudices (foreigners are always constipated, bishops are invariably hideous) and contradictions (she was a severe moralist, yet she called the action of a friend who had children by a man to whom she was not married "half crazy but holy"); nevertheless in the last resort prejudices and contradictions dissolved before common sense. She always knew the exact moment to sound the retreat. Here is her private comment on the prospect of having to send for Gladstone to form a government: "I will sooner abdicate than have any communication with that half-mad firebrand." A few days later he kissed her hand on becoming prime minister.

To Be Monarch Was Her Mission

Catherine the Great, *by Zoé Oldenbourg, translated from the French by Anne Carter (Pantheon. 378 pp. $5.95), stresses the early years of the Russian Empress whose "personality cult" has dazzled generations. Ivar Spector of the University of Washington wrote "An Introduction to Russian History and Culture," a fourth edition of which will be published this year.*

By IVAR SPECTOR

A MORE appropriate title for this biography would have been "The Grand Duchess Catherine Alexeievna"; two-thirds of the book are devoted to Catherine's early years, 1729-1762, and only 100 pages to her reign as Empress, 1762-1796. The author, a native of Leningrad and a well-known historical novelist now living in France, has purposely stressed the monarch's formative years in order to reveal the highly ambitious, complex, and inconsistent woman whose "personality cult" later dazzled her contemporaries and succeeding generations of Russians, but who was represented by her biographers in the West mainly as a virago, "loose-living, tyrannical and even bloodthirsty. . . ."

—*From the book.*

The Seal of the Romanovs

Following the death of Peter the Great in 1725 the Russian throne, except for brief interludes, was occupied by four women: Catherine I (1725-1727), Anna Ivanovna (1730-1740), Elizabeth (1741-1762), and Catherine II (the Great). Of these, the one who had the largest impact on both Russia and Europe was Catherine II, born Sophia Augusta Fredericka, Princess of the obscure German state of Anhalt-Zerbst.

The Empress Elizabeth brought the sixteen-year-old Catherine to Russia in 1744 to marry her nephew and heir, Karl Peter Ulrich of Holstein, who was assassinated by Catherine's followers in 1762. The author probes deeply into the relations between these two transplanted German Lutherans and their attitudes toward the country of their adoption. She quite correctly emphasizes the extreme unpopularity of Germans in Russia, dating from the reign of Anna Ivanovna, who advanced her German "favorites" to key positions at the expense of the Russian aristocracy. Although the Grand Duke Peter continued to regard himself as a German exile in Russia, Catherine deliberately sought to ingratiate herself with the Russian court, assiduously studying the Russian language and devoutly observing Orthodox religious rites following her conversion. How much of this was genuine and how much a calculated pose to further her objectives is never entirely clear in this book. Both young "foreigners" remained appallingly ignorant of the plight of 95 per cent of the Russian population—the peasantry. "Every peasant," Catherine wrote, "has his turkey in the pot every Sunday," and though men died of overeating, she claimed, they never died of hunger.

One feature that differentiates this biography from others is the somewhat more agreeable image it presents of the childish Grand Duke Peter as Catherine's "friend and ally," who during the early years of their association turned to her, as his "Madame Resourceful," with his problems and frustrations. For her part, Catherine, "a clear-sighted woman, gifted with merciless common sense," appears to have married not Peter so much as Russia and the Russian crown. Often in imminent danger herself, she had no intention of perishing "either *with* Peter or *through* him."

Another departure is Mme. Oldenbourg's view of Catherine's succession of love affairs with Saltykov, Poniatowski, Orlov, Potemkin, etc., as a natural outgrowth of circumstances and environment, thus affording no particular grounds for condemnation. Catherine was a woman who could not do without love. The author presents both pros and cons as to Catherine's guilt in Peter's assassination, assuming, however, that she had no choice but to rule or to perish at the hands of her now vindictive husband and rival.

"A self-made woman," a feminine counterpart of Peter the Great, whom she emulated and in some respects surpassed, Catherine also turned to Europe, but to France rather than to the German states, a move that elicited general approval from the Russian nobility. As this biography indicates, it was chiefly by comparison with her husband that Catherine became "great," an epithet given her by the Russian nobility, to whom she made substantial concessions (at the expense of the peasantry) in order to secure the throne.

This book, which includes thirty-two fine illustrations from Leningrad museums, is well written and at times fascinating. However, in general, Mme. Oldenbourg has presented Catherine from the standpoint of the historical novelist rather than that of the scholarly biographer. There are too many "must have beens," "may have beens," and "probablys" for the volume to serve as a reliable historical interpretation. Nevertheless, at best, the author exhibits a discernment (especially in passages dealing with the young princess) that only a woman could be capable of.

What Got Away

By Jeannette Nichols

THESE wisps of hair in my hand
are enough to tell
Who got away.
It was the way
it always is. You reach
out, catch half the head's hair
in your fist
but not enough to catch the head by.
And it's gone.
Wishes are like that.

This flesh beneath my fingernails?
Well, desires
are like
THAT!

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Painting Where the Action Is

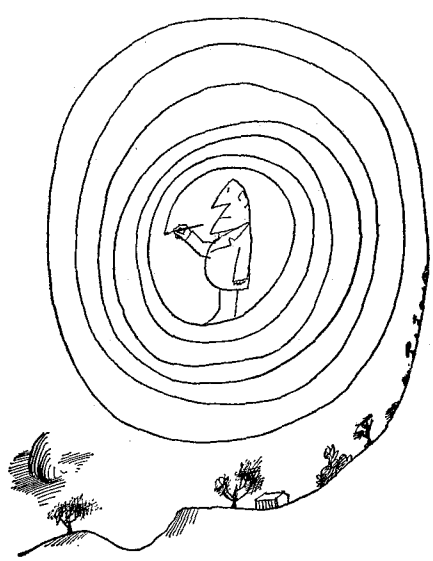
The Anxious Object: Art Today and Its Audience, *by Harold Rosenberg (Horizon. 270 pp. $7.50), while upholding Abstract Expressionism—or "Action Painting"—deplores abstract art that does not "express, extend, intoxicate, or submerge" the self. Daniel Catton Rich is director of the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum.*

By DANIEL CATTON RICH

UNDER the somewhat precious title *The Anxious Object* ("what forces our interest is Cézanne's anxiety," remarked Picasso) Harold Rosenberg has gathered together twenty-three of his articles from *Art News*, *Vogue*, and other magazines. Thirteen come from *The New Yorker*, where Rosenberg's thought-laden reviews contrasted strangely with slick stories and "sophisticated" reportage. Though now grouped under various headings such as "Past and Possibility," "The Art Object," and "Time and Values," they do not develop a coherent account of today's art—nor do they pretend to. Rather, they are simply essays unified by a single critical approach. At all times Rosenberg's attack is consistent and set down with clarity. His insights are probing and his style full of epigram and paradox. The only weakness of the volume is its extreme narrowness. For Rosenberg there is only one type of contemporary art—Abstract Expressionism or, as he prefers to call it, "Action Painting." Everything else rises or falls by its standards.

Harold Rosenberg is a poet turned art critic. Curious about the relation of vanguard literature to vanguard art, in the Forties he became a friend of certain American painters who after the war were to create the strongest new note in the art world. In 1952 he put forth a famous definition: "At a certain moment the canvas began to appear to one American painter after another as an arena in which to act. . . . What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event." According to Rosenberg, most of these painters were disillusioned Social Realists of the 1930s. One-time WPA pensioners and makers of Post Office murals, they turned inward, expressing on canvas "the crisis of society and art." Rosenberg greatly relishes this crisis with its "rhythm of confusion, misery, letting go, even self-destruction." On canvas the frantic gestures of the painter become an "adventure" and a kind of self-inflicted Rorschach test in which the painter discovers his identity. Here the critic's favorite is Willem de Kooning, whom he does not hesitate to pronounce the foremost postwar painter. De Kooning's *angst* and self-confessed failures, his conception of "painting as a way of living," as well as his superb performance, make him the "hero" of Abstract Expressionism.

Another painter whom Rosenberg pushes to the fore is Hans Hofmann. Not only is his book dedicated to Hofmann, but three essays treat this artist's development. His later work, with "strokes of color [that] retain their separate identities within the picture situation and function as forces in conflict," allows Hofmann to be welcomed as an Action Painter. Even Barnett Newman, who certainly does not handle paint in the approved "emotional" manner, is granted partial acceptance because of the energies of his color rectangles and the quivering electricity of his vertical bands. Yet in another essay both Newman and Mark Rothko are dismissed for conceiving "an art of one idea, which may be repeated with minuscule variation from painting to painting"—certainly a caricature of both artists, who display wide-ranging variety within their respective works. Throughout, Rosenberg shows a dislike for what he terms "objective" art—meaning all abstract art that does not reveal "an endeavor on the part of the artist to express, extend, intoxicate, or submerge" the self. This means purist painting, optical experiments, and, above all, "Pop Art." This new development, which threatens to dislodge Action Painting, is particularly deplored. "The art of ice-cream sodas, seven-foot toothbrush tubes, movie marquees, is hereby dubbed Gagart," he writes with unusual bitterness.



—Sketch by Saul Steinberg in "The Anxious Object."

". . . a serious strain behind the humor."

Realizing that Abstract Expressionism is "no longer the latest mode," Rosenberg insists that "it may well be the newest in terms of potential originality and depth." He believes that the premises of Action Painting are still valid for individual beginnings, and discovers hopeful signs in Jasper Johns, usually credited as an ancestor of "Pop." "Johns's public symbols seem to be changing into metaphors of the artist's subjective state."

Rosenberg's concentration on a single approach to today's painting produces a certain claustrophobia: we are hemmed in by a few painters within a narrow circumference of thought. Part of this constriction comes from a refusal to relate contemporary art to the past. Quoting Marcel Duchamp, who once declared that a work of art has a short life and after twenty or thirty years is dead, Rosenberg considers older paintings to be simply "objects." From time to time they may be revived through their use by an artist; otherwise they are without emanation or excitement.

One suspects that Rosenberg has scarcely looked at the art of the past. But then, it often seems as though he is consciously avoiding close scrutiny of any single work. Except for the sympathetic essay on Arshile Gorky, and a few passages in the articles on Hofmann and de Kooning, paintings are largely employed as springboards for ideas, often with a literary or sociological coloring. While the names of few older artists are included in *The Anxious Object*, there are many references to writers, *e.g.*, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Rabelais, Melville, Cervantes, Rilke, Wallace Stevens. There is a constant exploration of the social forces surrounding the contemporary painter.

Rosenberg's shrewd remarks on the new audience comprise the best—and most original—section of his book. The Armory Show, that extravaganza which in 1913 introduced modern art to America, was indeed, he writes, "the Great Event in the history of American Art Education rather than in the history of American art. In setting up the new as a category of value, the show had presented modern art as a *cause*."

In other chapters Rosenberg analyzes the new global art, with its expanding audiences; rapid communication of images; fantastic international exhibitions like the São Paulo *Bienal*; style in relation to social forces (Nazi posters re-

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tained Expressionist elements even after Hitler banned Expressionist art).

But, amusing and penetrating as these comments are, there is a serious strain behind the humor. Now that the vanguard audience (as Rosenberg calls it) is catching up—and fast—with the vanguard painter, there is danger in sight:

> For all the attention lavished upon it and despite the circulation of art objects throughout the capitals of the world, art today is still sealed up in itself. The interest of today's vanguard public stimulates competition for its attention but fails to supply a sense of intellectual or spiritual community. The solitude of the artist has not been overcome; it has simply been contaminated. His pathos now includes being drawn into an ambiguous celebrity, half way between that of an international clothes stylist and a local pool shark, a celebrity that has no relation to the meaning of his work. Lured out of his Bohemian haven, the painter now finds himself more completely cut off from his fellow men than ever, and the responses to his work compel him again and again to recognize that his conceptions still extend no farther than the canvas on which he inscribes them. He is gesturing in solitude after all.

In such a passage Rosenberg completely disregards those members of the vanguard audience who understand the artist; at the same time, he reveals a hollow romanticism. Better the artist in his cold-water flat, agonizing in front of a blank canvas, than the painter who "sells" and may be ruined by success. The villains against whom Rosenberg would protect him are "dealers, collectors, education directors of government cultural programs, art historians, museum officials, critics, artists, in sum the 'art world.'" All such forces, the author contends, try to normalize vanguard art and thereby destroy or maim it.

On the jacket Sir Herbert Read notes that Rosenberg knows "these artists intimately and has been able to establish complete sympathy with their creative ideals. . . . This . . . criticism . . . has even helped the artists concerned to understand themselves. . . ." This strikes me as a most sinister comment. I can only hope that few of the Americans discussed in these pages have discovered themselves by looking in Harold Rosenberg's slanted mirror.

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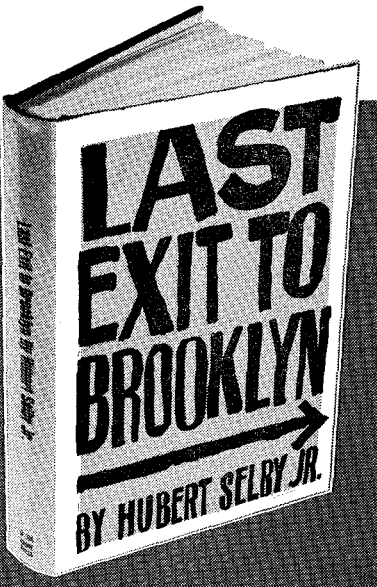

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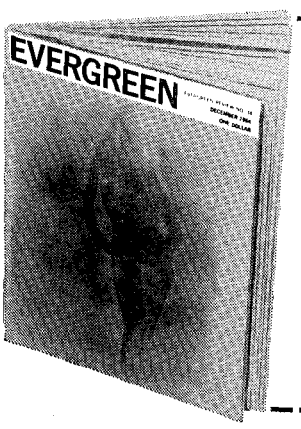

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology

AND KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY. Revised edition. By Margaret Mead. Morrow. $3.50.

Art

MODERN ARTISTS ON ART: Ten Unabridged Essays. Edited by Robert L. Herbert. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE SEARCH FOR MEANING IN MODERN ART. By Alfred Neumeyer. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Classics

THE GULISTAN OF SA'DI. Translated by Edward Rehatsek. Putnam. $6.

Crime, Suspense

THE CASE OF THE TROUBLED TRUSTEE. By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. $3.50.

COTTON COMES TO HARLEM. By Chester Himes. Putnam. $4.50.

FAIR MAIDS MISSING. By Pierre Audemars. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE FAR SIDE OF THE DOLLAR. By Ross Macdonald. Knopf. $3.95.

FATAL FASCINATION. By Nigel Balchin and others. Little, Brown. $4.95.

THE INTRIGUERS: Four Novels of Suspense. By Eric Ambler. Knopf. $5.95.

LOOK THREE WAYS AT MURDER. By John Creasey. Scribners. $3.50.

WITH INTENT TO KILL. By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE ABUNDANT PEACE. By Robert C. Garretson. World. $5.95.

AN AFRICAN BOURGEOISIE: Race, Class, and Politics in South Africa. By Leo Kuper. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

EDUCATION AND FOREIGN AID. By Philip H. Coombs and Karl W. Bigelow. Harvard Univ. Press. $2.25.

THE FABRIC OF TERROR: Three Days in Angola. By Bernard Teixeira. Devin-Adair. $5.95.

Economics

ECONOMIC GROWTH AND EXTERNAL DEBT. By Dragoslav Avramovic and others. Johns Hopkins. $6.

Fiction

BUCKO. By Cliff Farrell. Doubleday. $3.50.

A CONFEDERATE GENERAL FROM BIG SUR. By Richard Brautigan. Grove. $3.95.

THE HALLELUJAH TRAIL. By Bill Gulick. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE KEY TO MY PRISON. By Harris Downey. Delacorte. $3.95.

ON A FATED NIGHT. By Dorothea Malm. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA. By Arona McHugh. Doubleday. $6.95.

THE WHITE FATHER. By Julian Mitchell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

THE YEAR OF THE DEATH. By Reuben Merliss. Doubleday. $4.95.

Government, Politics

GENERAL EQUILIBRIUM OF INTERNATIONAL DISCRIMINATION: The Case of the Customs Unions. By Jaroslav Vanek. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.50.

THE LAWMAKERS: Recruitment and Adaptation to Legislative Life. By James David Barber. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

"Frankly, sir, I've been rather incompetent in any job I ever had, and I thought you people might possibly find room for someone who has been pretty well ostracized and cast out of the business world in general."

History

BITTER STRENGTH: A History of the Chinese in the United States, 1850-1870. By Gunther Barth. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

BLITZKRIEG TO DEFEAT. Edited by H. R. Trevor-Roper. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

A GLORIOUS AGE IN AFRICA: The Story of Three Great African Empires. By Daniel Chu and Elliott Skinner. Doubleday. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.45.

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS. Fifth edition, revised and enlarged. By A. L. Sachar. Knopf. $7.95.

THE ORDEAL OF SAMAR. By Joseph L. Schott. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.

POLITICS IN NEW YORK STATE, 1800-1830. By Alvin Kass. Syracuse Univ. Press. $4.95.

SUEZ: The Seven Day War. By A. J. Barker. Praeger. $5.95.

WORTH FIGHTING FOR: History of the American Negro in the United States During the Civil War and Reconstruction. By Agnes McCarthy and Lawrence Reddick. Doubleday. Hardbound, $2.95. Paperback, $1.45.

Literary History, Criticism

ANDRE GIDE: His Life and Art. By Wallace Fowlie. Macmillan. $4.95.

ARTISTS AND WRITERS IN PARIS: The Bohemian Idea, 1803-1867. By Malcolm Easton. St. Martin's. $6.50.

MARVELL'S IRONIC VISION. By Harold E. Toliver. Yale Univ. Press. $6.

Miscellany

DR. SILVERS' EXTRAORDINARY REMEDIES AND PRESCRIPTIONS FOR HEALTH AND LONGEVITY. By Dr. Lewis J. Silvers. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

HERB CAEN'S SAN FRANCISCO. Doubleday. $3.50.

HOW TO GET PROFITABLE IDEAS FOR CREATIVE PROBLEM SOLVING. By John D. Yeck. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

INVITATION TO LINGUISTICS. By Mario Pei. Doubleday. $5.95.

IT'S YOUR COMMUNITY: A Guide to Civic Development and Beautification. By Henry B. Raymore and H. Stuart Orloff. Barrows. $3.95.

THE MITCHELL TRIO SONG BOOK. Introduction by Robert Shelton. Musical arrangements by Walter Raim. Quadrangle. Hardbound, $6.95. Paperback, $2.95.

THE NAGA KING'S DAUGHTER. By Stewart Wavell. Atheneum. $6.50.

THE OPEN SEA: Its Natural History. One-volume edition. By Sir Alister Hardy. Houghton Mifflin. $12.50.

THE SIGN OF THE FLYING GOOSE. By George Laycock. Natural History Press/Doubleday. $5.95.

SURF AND SEA. By John M. Kelly, Jr. A. S. Barnes. $5.95.

TIME LURCHES ON: Or, Daddy, What Will You Be When You Grow Up? By Ralph Schoenstein. Doubleday. $3.95.

A TOUR GUIDE TO THE CIVIL WAR. By Alice Hamilton Cromie. Quadrangle. Hardbound, $7.95. Paperback, $2.95.

Personal History

THE AMERICAN PLUTARCH: Eighteen Lives Selected from the *Dictionary of American Biography*. Edited by Edward T. James. Scribners. $4.95.

(*Continued on page 63*)

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The Wonderful Silence

By ALICE DALGLIESH

FOR SOME time I have been thinking about illustrated poems and ballads. An essay-review by Margaret Sherwood Libby (New York *Herald Tribune Book Week*, Dec. 20, 1964) dealt with last year's illustrated fairy or folk tales—their varying values. My concern is with narrative poems, popular with youth.

Many of these are in the public domain. They were written largely for the ears and eyes of the mind. But this quarter-century is highly visual and vocal. Everything is flashed before the eyes, everything assails the ear—even when riding in planes or on elevators. An advertisement for TV used on jets stays with me. It says, in effect, that you may watch television while traveling, or you may have music, or "even wonderful silence." *Wonderful silence.* And in this silence perhaps you may look at clouds and sky or explore your own mind?

Constant pictorial presentation may be helpful; it may, however, do an actual disservice to the creative minds of children, to the future writers, artists, poets who may even now be among us.

We need many picture books for our children in the four-year-old kindergartens (now in the planning stage), in the five-year-old kindergartens, and in the elementary grades. But does a sixth- or seventh-grade child have to be nourished on a picture-book version of Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray" or Longfellow's "The Skeleton in Armor"? We already have those books and the upper grades will use them. However, endless possibilities lie ahead, especially for those who mourn the passing of the McGuffey Readers. An artist may take a single fairy or folk tale from a large collection and give it new life through illustration. Many have done this with success, a few with real feeling and emotion. This does give children of six or seven an introduction to an important segment of literature. But if there are too many of these books they become self-defeating, child-defeating. So powerful is the pictorial image that children may lose their ability to make pictures in their minds. Only the best illustrators should produce these books, and from them the best need to be selected.

Libraries all over the country try to keep story telling alive. There is one in California where children may take their books out under the trees and sit there reading. At certain times they may go into a walled garden, which they call "The Secret Garden," to listen to stories or poems. There is only the sound of the story—the music of the poem; nothing distracts.

—From "The Happy Ski ABC."

A torrent of poems, lavishly illustrated in color, may soon be upon us. Possibly you are wondering why. The economics of it are simple. Color sells a book. Large color-presses need picture books to keep them turning. Some artists can write and some cannot. If they cannot, they illustrate a writer's text; in picture books this means dividing the royalty with the author. So the artist perhaps thinks of a poem he liked as a child, preferably one not in copyright; then publisher and artist are happy. But the buyer of the book must also note economic facts. For one illustrated narrative poem, *one* ballad, the price is $2.50 $3.50 $4.50. It can be a rising tide.

I can understand why Crowell's series of selections from individual poets had a citation from the New York Public Library in the Book Week meeting last November. These are modest, well-designed and edited books with a minimum of decoration, but with room for the reader to move about in the pages and make choices of his own. We have many fine anthologies, also, most of them without elaborate pictures.

Young people enjoy these. Lavish color pictures can superimpose themselves on poems a child has previously heard or read, and loved. It is my firm belief that we should allow poems and ballads to form their own pictures in the mind. Let them speak in their own voices.

A Young Explorer's Washington. *By Marjorie James. Maps by Carol Curtice and Paul Pavlovich. New York Graphic Society.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. Children have their own guidebooks now, and this very up-to-date one will be useful. The maps are pictorial and make the book suitable for home and school as well as travel. Addresses and telephone numbers of public buildings are given at the end, and there you may find unexpected touches of humor. Example:

> Government Printing Office
> 710 N. Capitol St.
> Between H and G Streets, N.W.
> A world of good advice for very little money. *How to Keep Bees* should be fun. Spies buy their maps here. [?]

For those who come to New York there is a companion volume, *A Young Explorer's New York*, by Lavinia Russ. She knows much about New York, including which store provides a dog's bar. Water served. Various ages.

This Is Cape Kennedy. *By M. Sasek. Macmillan. 60 pp.* $2.95. This, the eleventh of M. Sasek's big picture guidebooks, is dramatic, though one misses the spectacular panoramas of large cities provided by his previous books. In the nature of the Cape, the most attention-getting pages are those showing the giant rockets, the radar-tracking devices, and the montage of world headlines when our astronaut made America's first orbit. The book also exposes the commercialism surrounding the Cape. There is commentary in the caption accompanying the Thor and Titan missiles, with a quote from the sightseeing leaflet: "This display lends itself especially well to family photography." It is there, too, in the picture of the grocery store that proclaims: "Through these portals walk the greatest missilemen in the world." A small boy with an ice cream cone is seen emerging, and Mr. Sasek's comment is, "Here they make doors into portals and spacefolk from small mortals." Various ages.

Josie and the Snow. *By Helen E. Buckley. Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. We have met Josie and her friends in one other book, and now we find her wanting to go adventuring on a lovely snowy day. "She'd get her sled/And bundle up,/Make a path to Charles the Mouse/Over in his little house." But Dozy Cat and Buttercup would not go—nor would Charles the Mouse. So Josie had to rely on her mother, her daddy and her brother, who were astonishingly game. "And when/They came/Inside at last,/Sorry that the day was past/They built a fire/—red and rosy—put on slippers/warm and cosy." The short rhyming sentences ring in the mind

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and will be alluring to small children, as will the decorative pictures. Ages 3-5.

The Happy Ski ABC. *By Lisl Weil. Putnam* 64 *pp.* $3.50. "Jovial and bright," say the publishers. And, says the author, "This book does not try to teach—it only wants to point out some things you should know before you put a ski at each leg." Lisl Weil knows about skiing: she grew up in Austria; "in the Alps children are practically born on skis." Her book is most entertaining, and it does teach, not the alphabet, but what beginners on skis need to know—and teaches it in a light-hearted yet competent way. Various ages.

Icebergs. *By Roma Gans. Illustrated by Bobri. Crowell.* 38 *pp.* $2.95. Cold (in color) and dramatic in pictures, this Let's-Read-and-Find-Out science book is excellent for chilly winter days. Businesslike (or science-like), not poetic, it describes the birth and growth of an iceberg. An easy-to-read book that could have told a few more things of interest both about icebergs and glaciers, as well as Coast Guard responsibilities. Ages 4-8.

Bread-and-Butter Indian. *By Anne Colver. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 94 *pp.* $2.95. Stories as delightful and exciting as this are hard to find. The action takes place just after the American Revolution. Without playmates, Barbara, the daughter of Pennsylvania Dutch settlers, plays tea party with her doll —and suddenly an Indian appears. She hands him her bread and butter, as she does on succeeding days, and in the end this friendship saves Barbara when she is carried off by other Indians. The author says this is based on a true story handed down in her family. Girls seven to nine will enjoy the story and pictures, although the latter seem to me almost too neat and tidy for the frontier.

Far Out on the Long Canal. *By Meindert de Jong. Pictures by Nancy Grossman. Harper & Row.* 232 *pp.* $3.50. Winter was a tragedy for Moonta, a ten-year-old Dutch boy in a northern village, because he couldn't learn to skate. There had been no ice during the time he should have been learning—and, besides, he had had pneumonia in the one winter when there *was* ice. We follow Moonta's fierce preoccupation with the skates he cannot use: he takes them to bed and practices putting them on over his Sunday shoes; you cannot fasten skates over wooden shoes in the manner of Hans Brinker. We feel with him the indignity of learning to skate by pushing a small red chair: "But only babies, only the littlest kids, learn to skate behind little chairs . . . Everyone will laugh."

The story moves slowly—gaining pace only when Moonta, helping in an ice rescue, triumphs. The book is for readers able to appreciate excellent characterization and the picture of a whole village welcoming the ice. Ages 8-12.

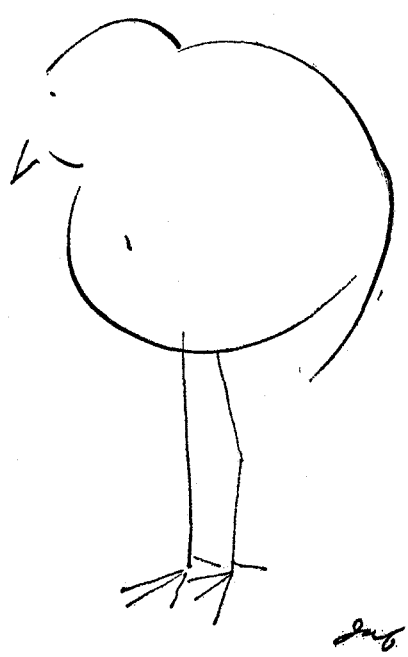
A Book of Dwarfs. *By Ruth Manning Sanders. Drawings by Robin Jacques. Dutton.* 128 *pp.* $3.50. Some of the stories, such as "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," in this companion volume to *A Book of Giants* by the same author, are familiar—as is "Maia," which is either retold from Andersen's "Thumbelina" or uses the same source. Others are not so well known.

In general, the storytelling quality is good, although it is occasionally weakened by poor storytelling devices: "Was Maia willing [to be married]? Of course she was." Which goes to prove it is not wise to tangle with Hans Christian Andersen, who had a flavor and narrative style all his own—and was not given to using the rhetorical question. Ages 7-11.

Harriet the Spy. *Written and illustrated by Louise Fitzhugh. Harper & Row.* 298 *pp.* $3.95. Harriet, going on eleven, lives in a brownstone front house in New York's East Eighties and goes to a private school on East End Avenue. Because she "wants to know everything. Everything in the world, everything, everything," Harriet decides she will be a spy. So in her notebook she writes all she finds out about people she meets—including her parents and her friends. How she discovers that one can lose friends this way, especially as editor of what amounts to a gossip column in her school paper, is amusing, but Harriet's life has strangely touching relationships, too. Most of this will be appreciated by fairly sophisticated readers in cities and suburbs. Sometimes the humor is exactly what the senior editor of the school paper thought it, "as funny as a TV comedian." Or is it? Various ages, 8-12.

Linnets and Valerians. *By Elizabeth Goudge. Illustrated by Ian Ribbons. Coward-McCann.* 290 *pp.* $3.95. The Linnett children stayed with their grandmother while their parents were in India. "She was a very autocratic old lady of a type that was to be met in 1912, but is now extinct." She believed that children should be instantly obedient, and she did not like dogs. So the children, as they so frequently do in English books, ran away. There are several repetitious patterns in English books: children escape authority, live in country houses (apt to be haunted), parents and other relatives disappear and reappear mysteriously; and there are odd characters.

All this, and more, is handled here in an eerie but pleasant fashion. The story soon steps completely outside of probability, though so matter-of-factly that children may not realize when it does. The author's sense of humor saves it—and children are pretty sure to enjoy the strange goings-on. Ages 8-12.



Benjamin Rush: Physician, Patriot, Founding Father. *By Sarah R. Riedman and Clarence C. Green.* Abelard-Schuman. 253. *pp.* $4.50. If you look at the Declaration of Independence on that visit to Washington you will see the modest signature of Benjamin Rush a little to the right and below John Hancock's fine flourishes. Reading his biography, one is astonished by the energy of a doctor who was a pioneer in the fields of military medicine and mental health, and led an attack on yellow fever. That his chief treatments were purging and blood-letting, that he recommended fresh air for yellow fever, but opened unscreened windows and gave the mosquitoes free entrance—these actions were of the time. He did recognize with respect to mental illness the futility of the cruel restraints of the period, though his own method of restraint seems scarcely humane. An excellent book for young people, who should feel thankful that they live in more enlightened times. Young people.

Will Shakespeare and his America. *By Nancy Webb and Jean Francis Webb. Viking.* 318 *pp.* $6. A young Shakespeare enthusiast should find this a fascinating book, although I cringe somewhat from attention-getting headings such as "Will Shakespeare —Yankee," and find 318 pages a little spun out. The chapter "Murder Most Foul," for example, details the whole of Lincoln's assassination in order to show his liking for Shakespeare—and that the Booths were Shakespearean actors.

After an introductory chapter about *The Tempest* (which is believed on good authority to refer to a wreck off Bermuda) the book gives an excellent picture of the various ways in which plays have been presented in America, from early days to the time when Telstar beamed a forty-second scene from *Macbeth* back to the Old World.

It puzzles me that Leonardo da Vinci is credited with "the first map to show a region called America, 1512-1515." Wasn't Martin Waldsemuller's map in 1507 the first? Young people.

The Thirty-Nine Steps. *By John Buchan. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. The Children's Illustrated Classics. Dent (London)-Dutton.* 160 *pp.* $3.25. In spite of, or perhaps because of the author's dedication page, which calls this "a dime novel" or "a shocker," with "incidents that defy the probabilities and march just inside the borders of the possible," this book has had a long life and may well be entitled to be called "a classic." Few adventure or murder-mystery stories can stand up to it.

As for that delightful statement about "just inside the borders, etc.,"—you can use it for English books and many French ones, too. Young people.

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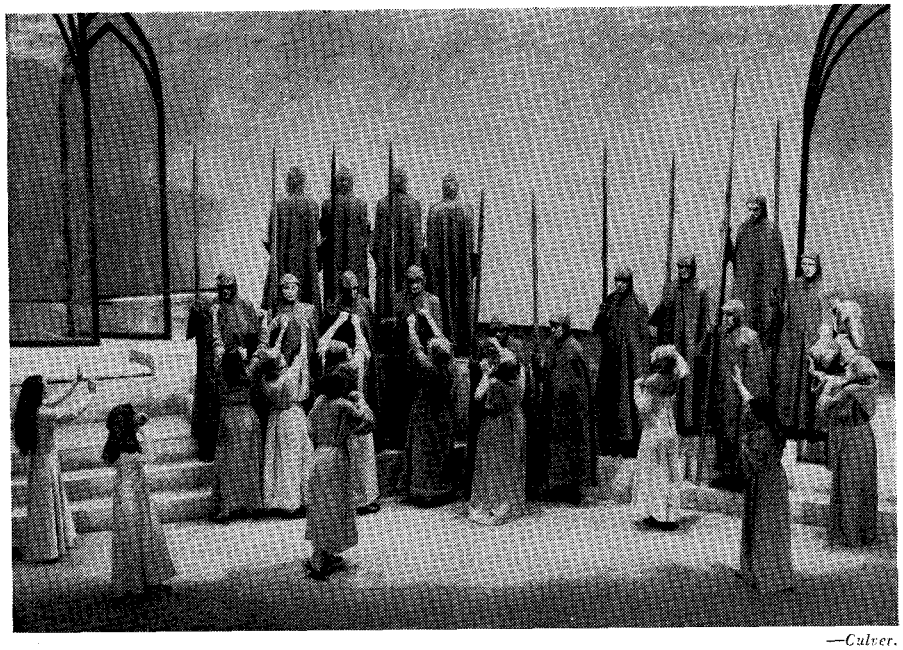
Journey to Simplicity



—*Culver.*

Scene from *Murder in the Cathedral.*

OF ALL the playwrights I have ever met, T. S. Eliot was the easiest to interview. He was not only kind and responsive, to a degree surprising in a man whose work is so formidable, but also in some intuitive way he virtually wrote the interview for you. Everything he said was usable, without clarification or emendation, and it all seemed to be readily arrangeable into a complete rather than a fragmentary entity.

As a playwright, he had a certain naïveté, as if he were an outsider learning a new medium. While purists may have greater respect for *Murder in the Cathedral* or *The Family Reunion*, Eliot himself preferred his later efforts, *The Cocktail Party, The Confidential Clerk*, and *The Elder Statesman*. For in these plays he had begun to enjoy the lighthearted pleasure of collaborating with the actors and actresses who brought these plays to life. And, belying the dire predictions in his poems, old age seemed to make him livelier and merrier.

On his seventieth birthday we talked about death and I told him that Sean O'Casey had said to me a few weeks earlier that he believed that death was followed merely by oblivion. Eliot differed gently, "Death is not oblivion," he said. "People who feel *that* are not afraid of death. They are only afraid of dying."

Admitting that death and the concept of eternity is one we cannot really grasp imaginatively, the poet went on to say that he had experienced intuitive flashes about the question, which he had hinted at in *The Four Quartets*. In the final poem, *Little Gidding*, which, Eliot revealed, seemed to him the most satisfactory of all the poems he had written, there is a passage describing "the gifts reserved for age." These include "the cold friction of expiring sense without enchantment," "the conscious impotence of rage at human folly," "the rending pain of re-enactment of all that you have done and been," "the shame of motives late revealed," and "the awareness of things ill done and done to others' harm." Then the poem suggests that these exasperations leave a spirit that can be restored only by "that refining fire where you must move in measure like a dancer."

While this traditionally Catholic expression of religious fear may seem pessimistic, it is balanced with a religious hope that emerges in the poem's final stanza:

> . . . The end of all our exploring
> Will be to arrive where we started
> And know the place for the first time.

He defines this as:

> A condition of complete simplicity
> (Costing not less than everything)

And the poet's ultimately peaceful image predicts:

> All manner of things shall be well
> When the tongues of flame are in-folded
> Into the crowned knot of fire
> And the fire and the rose are one.

If one traces Eliot's career as a playwright, one can also find a progression of exploration. His first short play, *Sweeney Agonistes* (1932), was never intended for the stage. It reflects a cynicism and depression about his future work—qualities that Eliot in retrospect came to dislike. However, its use of verse and rhythm, applied with much humor to prosaic people, was a striking beginning of the poet's attempt to find a poetry that could stand the test of dramatic utility. And the play's repeated wail, "Birth, and copulation, and death./ I've been born, and once is enough," foreshadows the current theater vogue for proclaiming nothingness.

Eliot credited the commissioning of the pageant *The Rock* (1934) with having got him started again after this period of personal despair. Not that *The Rock* didn't have its share of comment about our civilization, with its prediction:

> And the wind shall say, "Here were decent godless people,
> Their only monument the asphalt road
> And a thousand lost golf balls."

However, it balances this with an urging that man make his will and motives more perfect. If the play's verse seems nondramatic, the fact that it was designed to be spoken within religious choral conventions justifies this quality to some extent.

This latter comment might also be made about *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935), which was written to be played in the church at the Canterbury Festival. In this play about the murder of Thomas à Becket, Eliot claimed to be using the poetic excrescences of language in order to find the essential.

It was with *The Family Reunion* (1939) that Eliot really moved into the theater. Although he took Greek tragedy as his model, the playwright used the contemporary setting of a British country house's drawing room so that he might have the excuse to use modern language. However, Eliot confessed that it still had too many characteristics that were undisguised leftovers from the Greek play.

Thus, although *The Cocktail Party* (1950) was stimulated by Euripides's *Alcestis*, it discarded the Greek characteristics, descending from high-born society to middle-class people in a more ordinary situation. The play is remarkable for the way its verse makes it possible for the actors to say so much with ease and speed. And its soberest judgments seem unstrained. Consider, for

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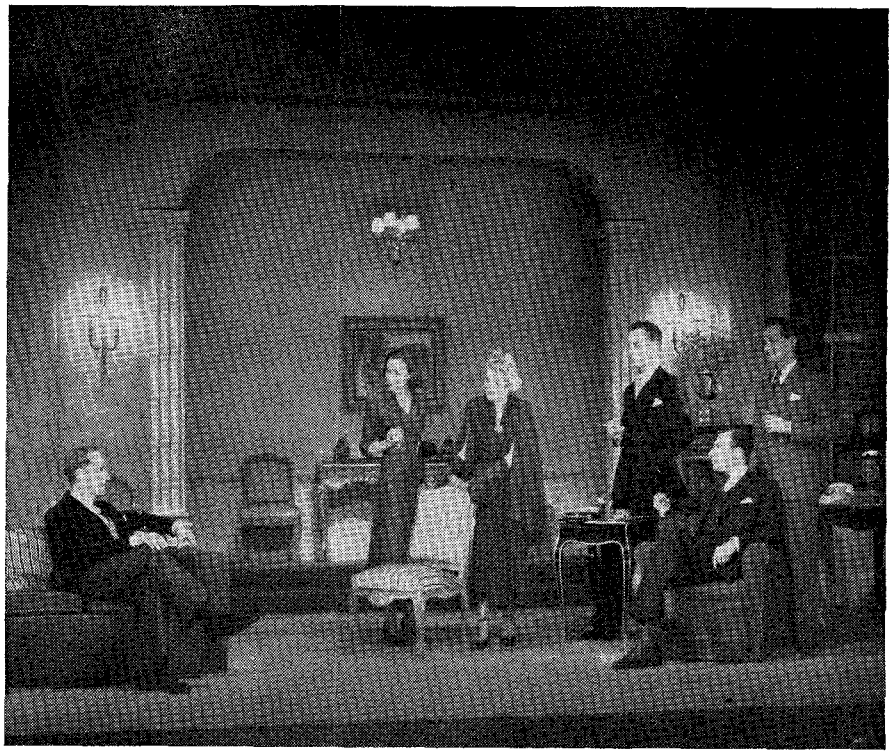

—*Culver.*

Alec Guinness, Irene Worth, Cathleen Nesbitt, Robert Flemyng, Ernest Clark, and Grey Blake in *The Cocktail Party*.

—*Culver.*

Ina Claire, Claude Rains, Joan Greenwood, and Newton Blick in *The Confidential Clerk*.

example, the psychiatrist's description of the average marriage:

> Two people who know they do not understand each other,
> Breeding children whom they do not understand
> And who will never understand them.

Eliot had found a new rhythm, close to contemporary speech, that allowed the actor to put the stresses where we would naturally put them. It was a verse that also permitted a varying length of line and a varying number of syllables. Its secret was the use of a caesura and three stresses per line, one on one side of the caesura and two on the other. While this play enjoyed the greatest popular success of any of his plays, running almost a full year in New York, Eliot was still not satisfied. Three of the play's seven characters were outside the action of the strictly natural situation he had created, and the play's last act was really an epilogue.

In 1953 he was at last able to achieve a play that came fully to terms with modern theatrical convention. Titled *The Confidential Clerk*, it managed to make highly entertaining the absurd entanglements surrounding the identity of an adopted illegitimate son. Although it, too, owed an acknowledged debt to Euripides's *Ion*, it was filled with much merriment and frivolity, so much so that it alienated some intellectuals who had in the past furnished Eliot's greatest support. This did not, however, appear to bother Eliot, who was now learning to enjoy the impurities that attend the putting together of a production in the theater. The unpleasantness of old age he had written about in *Little Gidding* was reversed. At the age of sixty-eight he married his former secretary, then thirty years old. Two years later he professed to feel younger and happier than he had at fifty, and he wrote *The Elder Statesman* (1958). The latter play, inspired by Sophocles's *Oedipus at Colonnus*, is Eliot's simplest and most human, with its soon-to-die title character happily finding a way to communicate with his daughter through a confession that destroys the myth of the public image she had worshipped. It was as if the famous poet had himself discovered that it is deadly for a man to become the servant of his myth and of the cult that worship him, and had succeeded, with humor, love, and wisdom, to fight free of these things.

Thus, while one is saddened by the death of a great talent, one feels assured that because he saw himself in perspective with a total universe, he was already well on his way to the "condition of complete simplicity" and would need little, if any, "refining fire."

—Henry Hewes.

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What's Wrong with Documentaries

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT of a fifteen-year-old broadcasting form to be just a little bit pregnant—that's the history of the American television documentary. I concluded this after reading *Documentary in American Television—Form, Function, Method*, by A. William Bluem, associate professor, Newhouse Communications Center, Syracuse University. "Documentary's instinct—its thrust," writes Dr. Bluem, "is to avoid and escape the theatrical." Most of the documentary makers whose opinions he quotes would probably agree. Reuven Frank, executive producer of NBC News, would probably also win their assent with his statement: "Every news story should, without sacrifice of probity or responsibility, display the attributes of fiction, of drama." Let the sterile state be represented by "escape the theatrical" and fertility by "the attributes of fiction," and you have the esthetic dilemma. The response of the documentary makers generally has been to stay in the middle. Their unfettered involvement has degrees. Some call for more art and less journalism, others for more objectivity, reasoned balance, and a rein on emotion. Point of view is opposed to neutrality, theme to subject, fashionable *verité* to venerable structuring-the-actual, but there is no escaping the facts of documentary life.

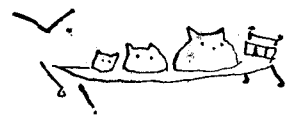
The social sciences that study communications tell us there is no such thing as the real—out there. An event in time-space is apprehended by an observer who reacts in the moment of observation to the event and contributes to its received "truth." His reporting is artful, and his message can never be the thing-in-itself. It is a message *about* an event perceived uniquely by one individual in a context of complex cultural values and assumptions. The purest reporter is a manipulator of symbols. The point here is that the anxious concern of the documentary makers with the art-or-truth choice illuminates an obstacle in the path of documentary advance. The mental horizons of the television producers haven't moved since the bearers inherited the torch from the still photographer, the film-maker, and the theater and radio "document dramatists."

Dr. Bluem's book is a valuable overview of the documentary heritage, the development of the form in television, and the techniques and notions of the current practitioners. The next generation of journalist-artists will find in it all the insights, clichés, fuzzy semantics, and lingo they need to launch them on their own adventures in Public Affairs Land, where one cannot distinguish the descriptive from the normative in the "creative treatment of actuality." The author's work would have been enriched by a deeper, wider probing of the changing social and economic contexts in which television documentary grew and by a less awed respect for the field. Documentary makers work in a competitive business under personal and professional pressures. The rather formal rationales they present to the inquiring historian are not quite the *verité* of their very human careers. One cannot include everything; there are programs and people left out of the record that would have been worth discussing.

Essentially, Dr. Bluem's book strikes a hopeful note: the television documentary can be an agent in negotiating "a truly civilized social contract . . . [and a] great force for individuation of the human spirit." It is for this reason that its revelation of the guiding assumptions of the documentary makers is important. Their preoccupation with the stimulus side of messages ("how *I* see it"; "what *I* want to happen") shows them tradition-bound by the literary, intuitive, humanistic approach to public communication. The classical models of the poet and reporter are superficial, attractive but elitist. "Any particular meaning attributed to a symbol," writes a sociologist, "is rarely universal within a society." The emerging discipline of communications has developed some infant theory to account for the ways by which people influence each other by art and journalism. This theory sees a documentary (any message) as a circle of events and perceptions embracing receivers as well as senders.

Twenty years ago it was acceptable for documentary makers to speak of "transmitting experience" exclusively in the vocabulary of the dramatist or reporter. Today it is reactionary. There is no mention—in all the lingo of the producers in Dr. Bluem's book—of research into the effects of documentaries. Success is measured only by in-group, professional, and critical evaluations. It is satisfying to caress an ego by thinking about what "I tried to do"—but individuals and groups in a society do not respond identically to symbols; reception often turns intention upside-down. Now that the fact of pregnancy has been established, perhaps it is time for the documentary to get married to the social sciences and begin the adult job of viewing the entire process of communication as transactional. Neither art nor journalism will suffer; the child will grow healthier. Otherwise he remains, subjectively or objectively—illegitimate.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

"A RICHER DUST CONCEALED"

Rupert Brooke wrote prophetically of his burial which would make "some corner of a foreign field . . . forever England." The group of British writers below also failed to gain final rest "under an English heaven." Betty Beake of Dedham, Massachusetts, asks that you choose from Column Two the appropriate location (and date) of extrainsular interment for each author. Answers on Page 63.

1. Robert Louis Stevenson	( ) Lisbon, Portugal, 1754
2. Elizabeth Barrett Browning	( ) Paris, France, 1900
3. John Keats	( ) Rome, Italy, 1822
4. D. H. Lawrence	( ) Liége, Belgium, 1613
5. Percy Bysshe Shelley	( ) Zurich, Switzerland, 1941
6. James Joyce	( ) Vence, France, 1930
7. Oscar Wilde	( ) Samoa, 1894
8. Sir John Suckling	( ) Florence, Italy, 1861
9. Henry Fielding	( ) Paris, France, 1642
10. Henry Constable	( ) Rome, Italy, 1821

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Ghouls Rush In

SUPERFICIALLY, one might say that the main purpose of a mystery film is to mystify, to keep the audience on the edge of the chair, guessing helplessly until the final moments of the final reel. Actually, as *Perry Mason* reminds us week after week, doing this much is all too easy. The writer need only choose the least suspicious member of the cast, invent some tomfoolery not even hinted at in the plot development, and transform an innocuous presence into a deep-dyed—but not wholly convincing—villain. But actually a good, satisfying mystery, whether in television, films, or books, is one that not merely mystifies but comes through with a solution that is not insulting. Dashiell Hammett, may he rest in peace, insisted on this, and those who hope to follow in his footsteps can do no less. What they can add, of course, is chills and thrills along the way.

Now, chills and thrills are also easily attainable, particularly in motion pictures. A gloved hand lunges out of nowhere toward the heroine's throat, and the audience gasps audibly. A mutilated, maddened face advancing toward the camera can send shivers down the most rigid spine. Shadows, innocent in themselves, can play upon our fear of the unknown to conjure up the most affecting forms of menace. But let the gloved hand belong to the heroine's boy friend reaching for her in the dark, let the mutilated face be revealed as a rubber mask, let the shadows reveal nothing more threatening than a cautious kitten—and the director is in trouble. The gasps will still come as he planned them, but along with them will come a growing resentment. People love to be fooled, but not to be made fools of.

William Castle, the producer-director of such exploitable items as *The Tingler* and *Homicidal*, has made himself a tidy fortune and a modest reputation by perfecting a kind of corn on macabre, replete with gimmicky devices to attract and intrigue his audiences. He kids his material, lets his customers know that he is kidding, and everyone has a fine time. Not so, unfortunately, in his latest and most ambitious effort, *The Night Walker*. Pitched for chills, it produces them—but invariably through extrinsic devices that leave the audience laughing but feeling like fools at the same time. And though the script, by Robert Bloch, rather cunningly mingles dream with reality as the heroine is forced to the edge of insanity, the ultimate revelation of who has been doing the forcing, and how he has manipulated her nightmares, is both arbitrary and banal. Barbara Stanwyck screams mightily as the wife suspected of blowing up her scientist husband, Robert Taylor plods stodgily as the deceased's attorney.

Robert Aldrich comes far closer to the mark with *Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte*, the successor to his enormously profitable *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* In essence, *Charlotte* and *Night Walker* are startlingly similar: A wealthy woman is being driven out of her mind by person or persons unknown playing on her guilts and fears. But there the similarity ends. Aldrich has composed a fine Gothic shocker complete with a crumbling, forbidding Southern mansion, a semi-demented proprietress, and her half-witted, slatternly servant; but he never cheats for the sake of an effect. Indeed, if anything, he is too explicit. A hand is severed in full close-up. A corpse, rolled into a river, stares at the camera from its watery grave. As evidenced by *Baby Jane*, Aldrich is not one to shrink from the gory detail. He gives full rein to violence and passion.

Once again, he is aided immeasurably by the gusty, free-wheeling performance of Bette Davis, with her incredible ability to abandon all consciousness of self in the full realization of a role that ranges from youthful, wide-eyed innocence to the stark terror of a middle-aged woman helplessly in the grip of a nightmare both real and imagined. And she can still spit out, with savored venom, a line like "What do you think I asked you here for—company?" Olivia de Havilland is properly oversweet as the solicitous Cousin Miriam, and Agnes Moorehead out-slatterns anybody as Charlotte's feeble-minded but faithful maid. This is the kind of cast, and the kind of material that reminds one of Alfred Hitchcock at his best—and, unfortunately, Aldrich has bungled enough of the big moments to remind you that he is no Hitchcock. But alas, as last year's *Marnie* reminds us, neither is Hitchcock. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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San Francisco

Continued from page 27

gay, but it has a certain parvenu gusto, and lives cheerfully in the nonchalant city.

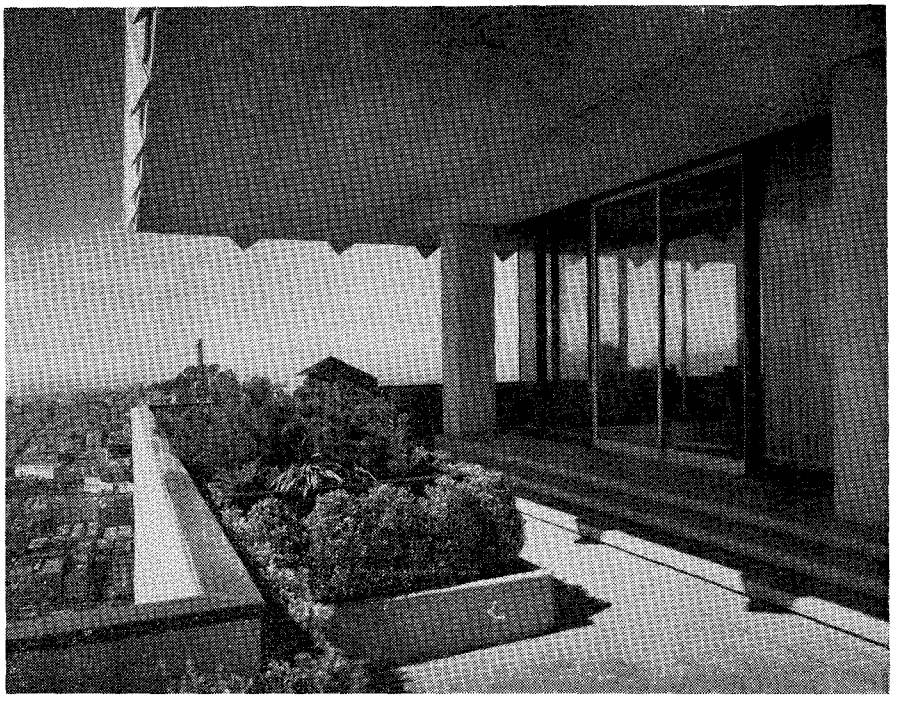
Indeed, the International Building might seem more impressive, less weakly decorative, if Skidmore, Owings & Merrill in two other major California Street buildings had not beaten the regionalists at their own game. How this internationalist firm, once so strictly committed to Miesian principles, broadened the emotional content of its San Franciscan architecture, yet retained its manly directness and structural strength, is one of the fascinating developments of modern American architecture.

Undoubtedly senior partner Nathaniel A. Owings, who in building the firm itself has made one of the important architectural contributions of our time, had much to say about the change of direction of the San Francisco office after he moved from hardboiled Chicago to the more gracious coast ten years ago and settled in his own beautiful regional house at Big Sur. But the man really responsible for design, behind whom Owings put all his weight, is Edward Charles Bassett, another midwesterner, who came to SOM from Saarinen's office in 1955.

At the age of forty-three Bassett is now clearly one of the best architects in the world, still developing powerfully as he moves from building to building. When he arrived in San Francisco the design for Crown Zellerbach was well advanced. He was not fully in sympathy with the concept, but he nevertheless pitched in to give it splendid definition, adding the happy little bank that stands like a circular garden house in the tower's elegant park.

He then moved on to a regional headquarters for the John Hancock Insurance Company, a conservative Boston institution which acquired a prime corner on California Street to make its presence felt in San Francisco. How to accomplish this with dignity, in so strong an existing environment, was Bassett's essential problem. On either side the great financial thoroughfare is flanked by imposing monuments, many of them Beaux-Arts palazzos which rise on classical colonnades. Bassett's solution was to create a palazzo for our own age, free of literal historicism; a concrete building which would quietly assert its mass.

The concept was exquisitely realized. Sheathed in plaques of polished black granite, opulently trimmed in bronze, the building springs upward on lithe arches of exposed concrete. A broad terrace sweeps across this arcade, somewhat marring its effect, but providing a fine canopy for the commercial premises at street level, and a lovely private garden for the suite of tall, vaulted offices above that face on it. The upper stories, in plan, are column-free between the bearing walls and the central utilities core, and thus quite Miesian; but the building as a whole is an essay in romance, as fervent as a first novel, and as sensitively wrought in detail.

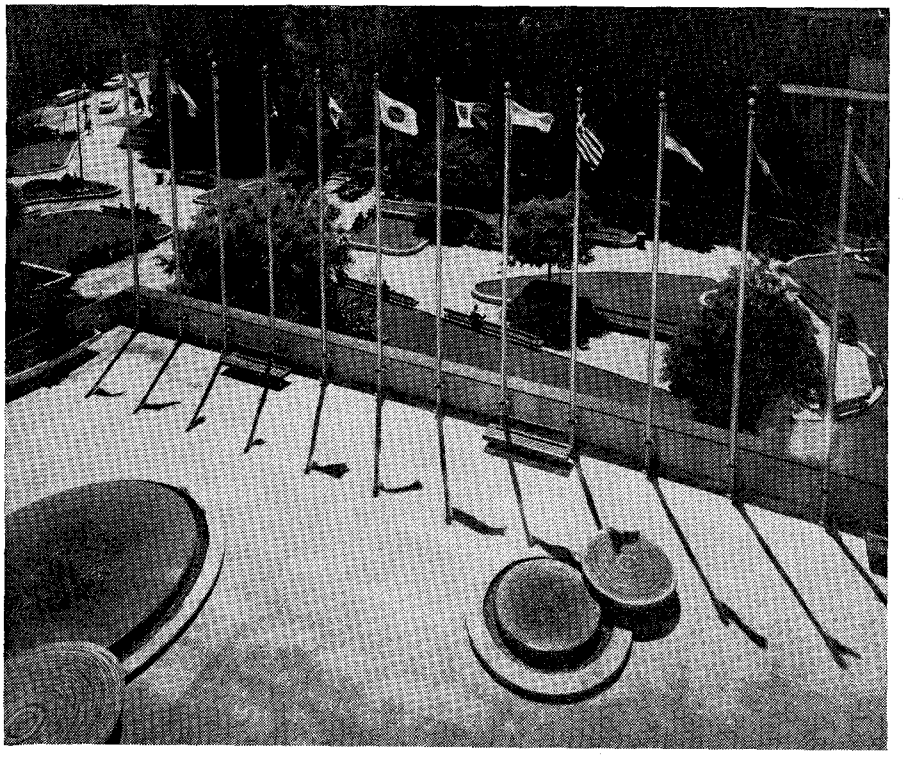


—*Julius Schulman.*

Terrace of International Building—"flashy."

Bassett's next major design was a formidable skyscraper in steel for the Tennessee Gas Company in Houston, rising on tremendous 60-foot pillars, and richly fitted with aluminum sunscreens to withstand the Texas sun. Then he was ready for another very tall San Francisco tower, at thirty-two stories the tallest yet erected in the city, for the Hartford Insurance Company, across California Street, but a little higher on the hill, from Anshen & Allen's International Building.

For the sake of a California Street address, Hartford chose an extremely confined site; and for the sake of high return on investment—for this was to be



—*Julius Schulman.*

International Building and plaza—"a certain parvenu gusto."

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primarily a rental building—chose to occupy virtually all of the zoning envelope permitted by law. In this sense Hartford is a greedy building, unworthy of so wealthy an institution. A number of regionalists, Gardner Dailey and John Carl Warnecke among them, publicly protested that it impinged too closely on Chinatown—that most beloved of American racial ghettos which has, incidentally, one of the highest tuberculosis rates in the nation and a residential density approaching Harlem's. Virtually every intelligent Chinese-American I know who lives there would like to escape.

By paradox the cramped site and the exigent program allowed Bassett, working as always within SOM's complex organization of administrators, architects, and engineers, to thrust upward one of the best-proportioned shafts in the history of cage construction. The steel frame, on view to the city at the same time that Warnecke's Federal Building was going up, showed the regionalists how elegantly steel could be used. It was then cloaked with magnificent precast elements of white concrete —a strong white with no superficial glint. These great masculine frames, filled with sun-resistant bronze-colored glass, set up a tremendous rhythmical pattern across the soaring façades, which are alive with dynamic shadow as the sun moves to the west.

Then the base of the building was revealed; and far from being an overbearing neighbor to the pioneer brick church of old St. Mary's, the tall colonnade was cordially open, and brought the Victorian Rectory graciously into its composition. Here SOM taught the regionalists how to integrate a major new building into the historic urban fabric with carefully chosen brick and granite, and then, as Hartford's internal ironment took over, with a sumptuous display of travertine in its entrance hall.

Suddenly the International Building across the street looked weak, and for all its show of gaiety, rather cold, even arid, in its barren lobby, its flashy terrace, its vulgar executive suites.

And now SOM is confronting the regionalists once again at close range, in the Golden Gateway project, with a West Coast headquarters for Alcoa, facing Wurster's apartments. At twenty-four stories Alcoa will be only slightly taller than its neighbors, but its effect will be overwhelming as it lifts from a richly ordered plaza.

For Alcoa is revolutionary: the first of the diagonal towers foreseen by SOM's Myron Goldsmith nearly two decades ago in his graduate dissertation for his teacher Mies van der Rohe, but differing in certain vital technical features from Goldsmith's bold original concept. (It is typical of SOM that this kind of creative discourse goes on within its organization, for Goldsmith has now moved to the Chicago office of the firm, where he is exploring the same idea for use in much larger structures.)

In San Francisco, with its severe earthquake condition, diagonal bracing makes exceptionally good structural sense, and at Alcoa it saved no less than one million dollars in steel, for the frame is unusually light and strong. Here, then, is an example of structural regionalism which can lead to a higher total regionalism. In a profound sense it vindicates Mies van der Rohe's principle that "whenever technology reaches real fulfilment, it transcends itself into architecture."

Alcoa will stand as evidence of the continuing power of San Francisco as the financial and administrative center of the West. But the venerable metropolis has become part of a vast regional city, completely surrounding the Bay, in which its role as historic core is proportionally diminishing as a new kind of urban civilization develops where towns and villages once were separated by farms and orchards, some 3,500,000 people—a figure which will double in twenty-five years—occupy an area nearly as large as New Jersey, and smog drifts across the Bay and its hills.

Before so complex an environment, tradition architecture stands helpless, and radically new theories and methods of design are needed. A new generation is unflinchingly rising to this challenge. At the University of California young research architects such as Christopher Alexander are adopting techniques from the pure and applied sciences in an effort to master the megalopolitan expansion which now appears to be mastering us. Building design is going far deeper into the industrial process, and far beyond the individual structure, as in the prefabricated school buildings system which another young and brilliant research architect, Ezra Ehrenkrantz, has developed at Stanford.

These are the frontiers of a new architecture in a part of the world where the physical frontier may be closed, but intellectual terrain is boundless. What the Bay regionalists had never grasped was the possibility of limitless personal commitment within a unifying scientific and technological discipline, but this is the true freedom of the new architecture, the freedom of civilized responsibility worthy of our own age.

Uses of Space

Continued from page 33

is a true interpreter of the peculiar charm of our prairie landscape." In spite of Wright's endorsement, Jensen has been passed over by most students of the Middle West's contribution to American civilization. Mr. Eaton makes up for this by giving us the facts on this Dane's achievements in the New World. Beginning his career as superintendent of Chicago's Humboldt Park, he was cashiered at the age of forty after he protested against the graft that was going on in headquarters. But when the milling magnate Bernard A. Eckhart decided to reform the Park Commission, Jensen returned to work, improving not only Garfield and Douglas but also Humboldt Park in accordance with his democratic principles. "Pomp and pose," said this landscape architect, "are an inheritance from enslaved peoples. Their expression in architecture is beyond the comprehension of common people and foreign to democratic thoughts."

Jensen laid out the Lake Forest estate of E. L. Ryerson (incidentally, no relation to the art collector Martin Ryerson, Mr. Eaton to the contrary), and also worked over Henry Ford's lawn in Dearborn and that of the Edsel Fords in Grosse Pointe. However, he was never so happy with wealthy clients as with civic or quasi-civic commissions such as the Lincoln Memorial Garden in Springfield, Illinois. He quarreled, perhaps inevitably, with Frank Lloyd Wright over the landscaping of a house on Michigan's Upper Peninsula, but he was the man to whom was entrusted the gardens of one of the greatest of all Wright's creations, the house of Mrs. Avery Coonley in Riverside, Illinois. It is obvious that Jensen belongs in the foreground, not the background of Middle Western architecture. Mr. Eaton has put him in his proper place.

For the very last word on architecture in 1965, we must turn to the *Student Publications of the School of Design, North Carolina State* (Volume 14, four issues, with slipcover, $8). No one should be put off by the unwieldy title of this magazine. Editor Keller Smith, Jr., and his colleagues have gone to no end of trouble to bring us up to date on Pablo Soleri's designs for the Cosanti foundation in Arizona, Louis I. Kahn's second capital for Pakistan, Alvar Aalto's church at Vouksonisska, and Le Corbusier's church at Firminy. Forthcoming is a Harwell Hamilton Harris issue, with samples of that architect's writings as well as buildings. "You've really given me a hard time this morning," confessed Le Corbusier after answering all of Mr. Smith's questions, proof positive that this young editor knows his business.

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New York

Continued from page 18

short of architectural massacre. There will be no human massacre, unless some architectural students from Columbia University decide to chain themselves to those iron columns; but there will be human losses: people forever removed from their homes and places of business, people forever cut off from uptown, people forever reconciled to the notion that vandalism—that cultural patricide—is the established policy of the great City of New York.

And so our visitor from abroad decides that this is not merely a fairly ugly city and a very inefficient one to boot, but that it appears to be a city run by—and quite possibly for—the unhinged. "New York is a Summer Festival," some PR man has been telling us over the past few years, while the annual summer Civil War raged in our city's streets. Well, architecturally speaking, at least, New York seems to be a spring, summer, fall, and winter funeral.

Having now demolished—verbally, at least—just about everything in Manhattan except its 1812 City Hall (which an eminent architectural jury recently selected as the only good public building erected in New York in the past 150 years), we will next attempt to put this colossus together again. For, despite all the mal- and mis- and un-planning and general idiocy all around us, there are certain aspects of New York just beginning to emerge, almost in spite of the official "planners," which suggest that this could really be a perfectly wonderful town, and that it is not too late to make a start.

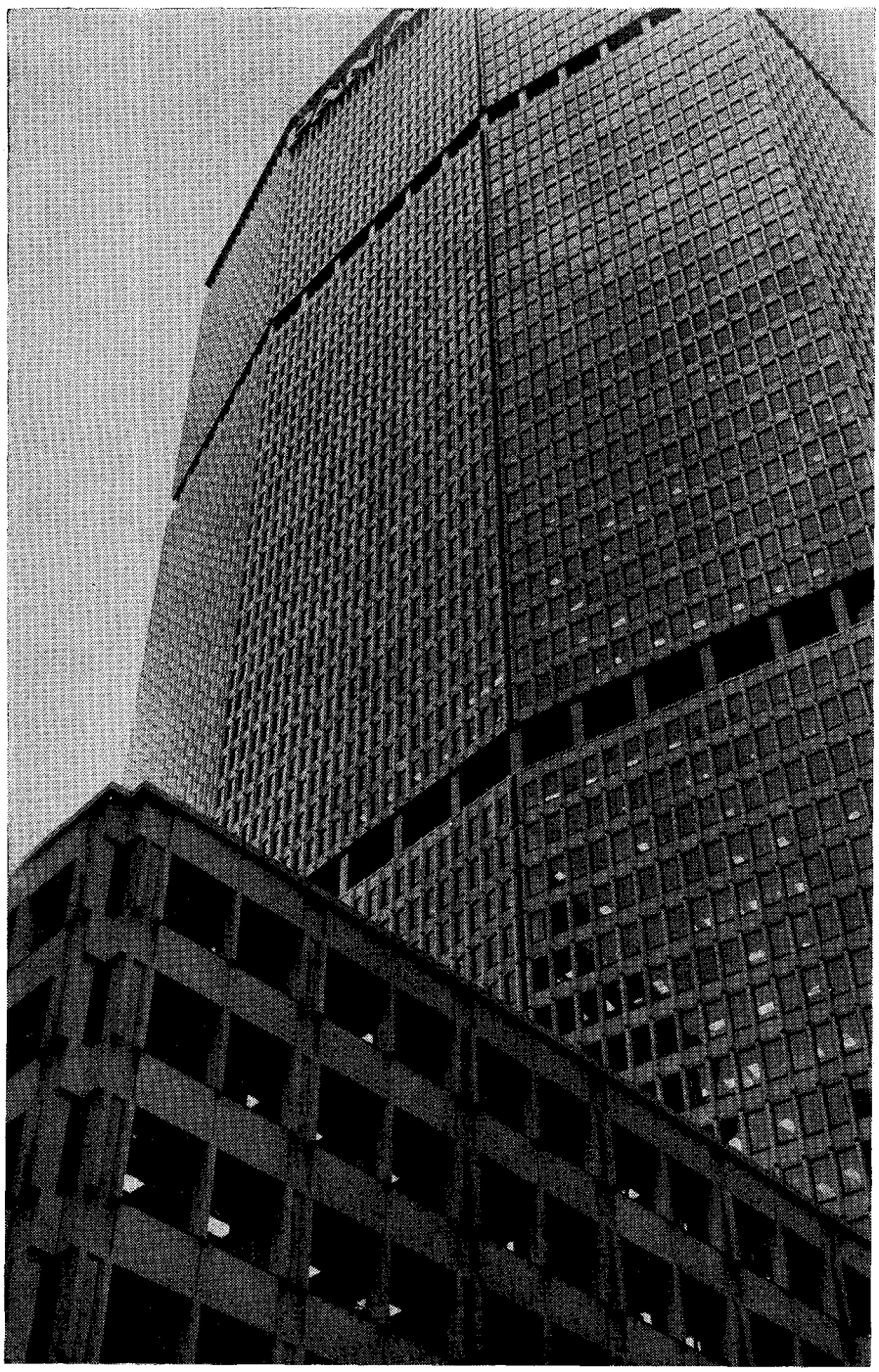
To begin to understand this is to recognize one simple fact—or, at least, to make one basic assumption: the assumption that Manhattan Island, to make any sense at all, really must be thought of as one single enormous building—in fact, very much like the Mont-St.-Michel which it so strangely resembles from a certain distance.

When an architect designs a single enormous building, the first thing he does is to design a structural system to hold it up, a system of services (transportation and communication, vertical and horizontal), a system of utilities, and so on. The spaces supported and served by these systems are "plugged into" the basic network. They can vary in almost any respect and can be "decorated" to anybody's taste.

These structural and mechanical systems in any big building obviously must be coordinated and correlated with the greatest care by all the many specialized consulting engineers involved, because if all these things were not properly correlated the result would be a building in which pipes would come shooting through elevators, ducts would be cutting across corridors, columns would be coming up straight through escalators, and most of the rooms would end up windowless because all the glass would have been used to flood the mail chutes or the elevator shafts with sunlight. In other words any architect in charge of this sort of Marx Brothers operation would, quite properly, be shot.

Yet that is almost precisely the way we seem to be "designing" this great, big building called Manhattan. The people in charge of rapid transportation systems don't talk to the people in charge of leisurely transportation systems; the people in charge of planning utilities don't talk to the people in charge of planning the different kinds of spaces those utilities are supposed to serve; the people in charge of housing families with children don't talk to the people in charge of locating and building schools; and the people in charge of all these things never talk to the people in charge of improving the looks of things (and we do have such people around, somewhere), or to the people in charge of preserving things worth preserving (we have those people, too).

The evidence supporting these wildly improbable assertions can be found, daily, in the pages of our metropolitan



—*SR Photo by N.C.*

Manhattan's Pan-Am Building—When does bigness overwhelm?

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newspapers. Specific items and exhibits will be supplied upon request.

Yet, despite all this, we have here, in Manhattan, numerous examples of what is possible today, technologically.

Item: Since we have now been effectively walled off from our finest natural resource—our potentially beautiful waterfronts—we will have to figure out ways of building our cities on several platforms: one for pedestrians only, one for cars only, one for trucks, and so on. The park of the U.N., cantilevered out over the East River Drive, and offering pedestrians a chance to enjoy the view of a tugboat, a seagull, or even a sunrise, is a more significant piece of urban architecture than many a good building put up recently.

Item: By the same token, the separation of different transportation systems on different levels at Rockefeller Center, around some parts of the Grand Central area, at the Chase Manhattan Building downtown, and elsewhere suggests that an integrated network of several different "grids," each operating at a different speed, on its own level, completely independent of all others, as well as totally interdependent with all others and connected to them vertically where they overlap, is not merely a pipe dream, but has actually been accomplished. (Admittedly, putting pedestrians underground and cars on top, as at Rockefeller Center, seems a trifle perverse —but, then, the place was built with gasoline money, after all. . . .)

Item: The beautifully unified, cast-iron streets east and west of lower Broadway suggest that it is entirely possible to create whole streets and blocks in an identical architectural idiom without inducing the slightest degree of boredom.

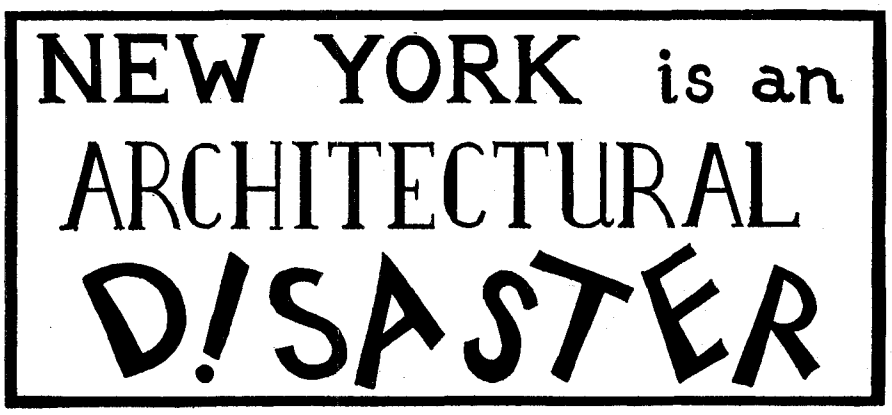
Item: The existence of several city blocks in Manhattan in which the backyard space has been pooled to form a single park accessible to all whose houses face it, and the existence of several little "Courts" and "Alleys" running through the centers of existing Manhattan blocks suggests that these backyards might be one of our many overlooked resources. For instance, it may be much simpler to build high-speed, elevated transportation "tubes," running east-to-west through the poorly used and poorly lit backyards of industrial city blocks than to depend, invariably, upon widening or double-decking existing streets, and thus cutting up the city into ghettos, and destroying whole blocks of beautiful and historically valuable façades.

Item: The use of air rights above highways and railroad tracks—which really means the combination of highway structures with apartment and office structures, much in the manner first proposed by Leonardo da Vinci, later picked up again, around 1914, by the Italian visionary, Antonio Sant'Elia, and made entirely modern, thirty-five years ago, by Le Corbusier in a project for Algiers—suggests that we are about to stop thinking of the city as a sum of many diverse and unrelated parts, and that we will begin to think of it as a single, organic, densely woven fabric.

For the renewal of our cities should start, not with the elimination of a few sore spots here and there, but with the renewal of the basic skeleton, the basic systems of services that make the city work. When these basic systems are put into shape, when they are made to serve the city rather than to cut it up into isolated ghettos, then many of the buildings and neighborhoods now deteriorating from neglect will, I believe, become renewed almost spontaneously, and without much need for official intervention.

But if we merely patch up our sore spots and ignore the basic problem, I feel sure that we will soon be back where we started: with an edifice that looks as if it had been planned by the Marx Brothers.

The other day Barbara Ward said of the crisis in our cities: "Resources are not the problem. It is the shaping imagination, the liberating idea." The shaping imagination and the liberating idea—these essentials exist, in embryonic form, right here on this fantastic, infuriating island. Now the time has come to call upon those intangible resources, for the crisis is here, and the urban disaster is imminent.



They have a point—Lamppost sticker distributed in Greenwich Village.

The Year 2000

Continued from page 31

since the temperature difference at the surface and in the depths of the sea itself offers power through heat pumps. Frank Lloyd Wright imagined seaborne cities over a decade ago. Who is to say that we will not build down rather than up? But the sea, like the air, is sensitive to changes produced by wastes. The quality of both sea and air must not be tampered with; man's rivalry with nature must be tempered with more knowledge than he now has.

But let us not, in an excess of exuberance, let the matter slip out of focus. I have been noting developments that will parallel the existing scale of things, not displace it everywhere. The human scale and the spirit of all the earth's places must never be lost, and the beauty of old traditions will continue to form our households and gardens as a counterpoint to the new scale of the mind and our village landscapes. And also, perhaps, the simple practicality of what is and what is not easily possible and clearly economical in any circumstance rightly governs the architect's work. The work of the architect is a continuous one. His greatest delight upon occasion is to join forces with tradition and to make it sing. Insofar as we help to carry a cultural continuity from the old science of structural statics to the new dynamic sciences that will in the future guide the creation of fine spaces, architects will justify themselves.

There is currently some tired and effete architectural design. Formalistic dead-end streets have been created in the current lull before the storm—some of them very handsome. But both the formalism and the pale rococo are chopping logic much too thin in the face of the new winds that blow, while the glass box—though in a sense appropriate to New York's Park Avenue of the 1950s—is nothing more than an interlude and a premonition.

The year 2000 is far off; what of the interim? A lull before a storm is often a climax of productivity. The National Gymnasium and Annex built for Tokyo's Olympic Games and the interior of the TWA Terminal in New York illustrate the gradual etherializing process that is leading us with warmth and humanity into the new world. In the first instance, steel in tension carries the load. In the second, thin reinforced concrete shells do the work. In both, the beauty and the zest of life are affirmed.

Vitality, dignity, integrative power, and I would say love are the human qualities of fine architecture, traditionally, now, and forever. And this will be true of the new esthetic as well—if we are strong enough to make it so.

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Mies van der Rohe

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my direction clearer and clearer. I feel my work has become clearer. I don't think every building I put up needs to be different, since I always apply the same principles. For me novelty has no interest, none whatsoever.

QUESTION: What were the most important influences on your work?

MIES: I thought a lot and I controlled my thoughts in my work—and I controlled my work through my thoughts. I read voraciously when I was young—philosophy, natural science, sociology. I wasted a lot of time on sociology; I don't believe it has much to do with building—it's another problem. My father was a stone mason, so it was natural that I would either continue his work or turn to building. I had no conventional architectural education. I worked under a few good architects; I read a few good books—and that's about it.

QUESTION: What architecture from the past has impressed you the most?

MIES: I was impressed by Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals, by Roman aqueducts, by the Pitti Palace in Florence, and by modern suspension bridges. They're still the best buildings in New York.

QUESTION: Has living in Chicago these many years affected your work? Has the proximity of the so-called Chicago School changed your thinking in any way?

MIES: I really don't know the Chicago School. You see, I never walk. I always take taxis back and forth to work. I rarely see the city. In 1912 when I was working in the Hague I first saw a drawing by Louis Sullivan of one of his buildings. It interested me. Before I came to Chicago I also knew about Frank Lloyd Wright and particularly about the Robie House. If you remember, I wrote about Wright in the Museum of Modern Art catalogue for my 1947 exhibition. [An excerpt: "At this moment (1910), so critical for us, the exhibition of Frank Lloyd Wright came to Berlin. . . . The encounter was destined to prove of great significance to the European development. The work of this great master presented an architectural world of unexpected force, clarity of language, and disconcerting richness of form. . . . Here again, at long last, genuine organic architecture flowered."]

[In discussing Sullivan and Wright a few years ago, Mies was quoted in the British magazine *Architectural Design* as saying that their work was "very interesting and very important. . . . Yet we would not do what Sullivan did. We see things with different eyes, because it is a different time. Sullivan still believed in the façade. It was still the old architecture. He did not consider that just the structure could be enough. Now we would go on for our own time—and we would make architecture with the structure only. Likewise with Wright. He was different from Sullivan, and we for equal reasons are different from Wright."]

As to your question, no; living in Chicago has had no effect on me. When I first arrived, I immediately went to the campus of the then Armour Institute (now the Illinois Institute of Technology). I felt I ought to turn around and go home.

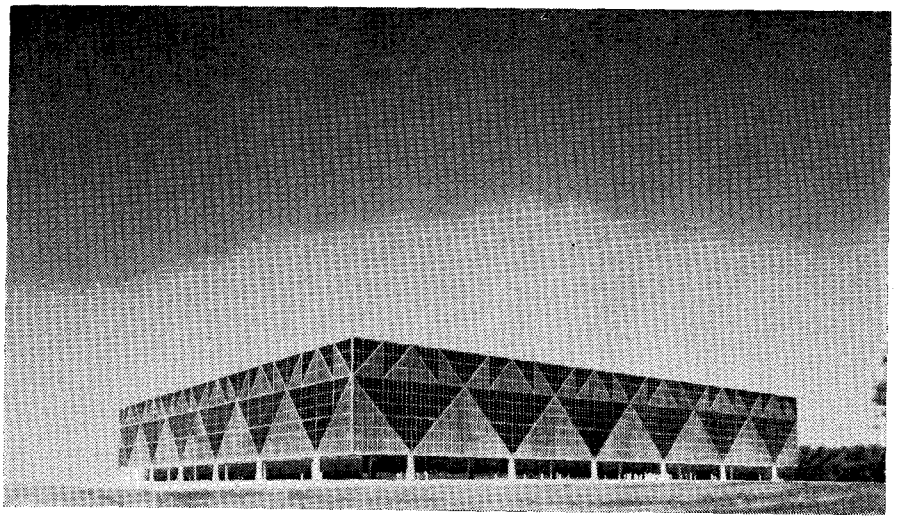
QUESTION: Speaking of campuses, how important is continuity of design?

MIES: I firmly believe a campus must have unity. Allowing every building or group of buildings to be designed by a different architect is sometimes considered democratic, but from my point of view this is just an excuse to avoid the responsibility of accepting one clear idea. The only American campus worth the name was built by Thomas Jefferson at the University of Virginia.

QUESTION: What should be the relationship of architecture to sculpture and architecture to painting?

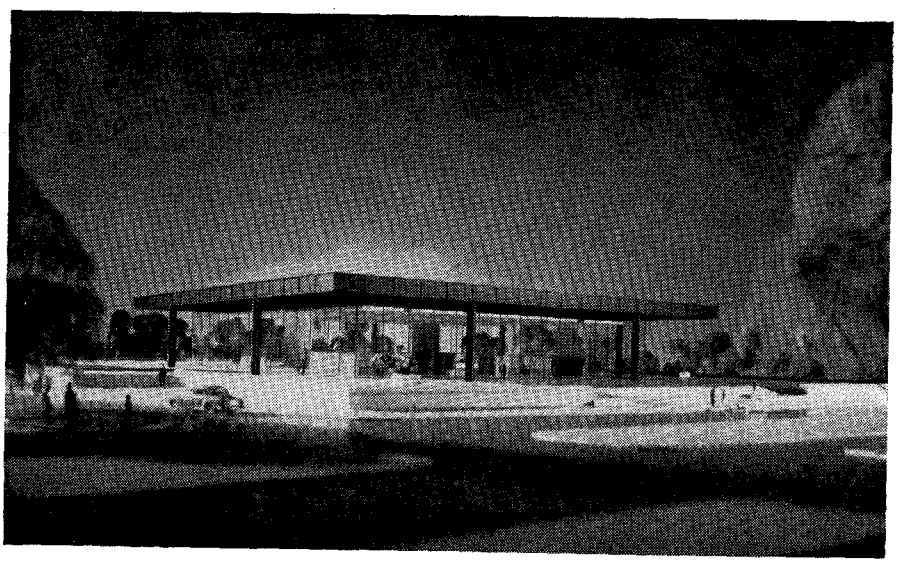
MIES: What I like most is to come on a fine work of art and then find a place for it. But *first* the architecture must be good. I do not believe that sculpture or painting can be included in the original design of a building. To start with, the architect must work alone, because I believe above all in the clear structure itself. Here I differ from Corbusier. Since he is also a painter he tends to incorporate color in his buildings. I prefer natural materials.

In the initial design of my buildings I do not believe there can be cooperation between the artist and the architect. The reason is simple: my structural objectives always have an objective character, never subjective. I get along well with artists, but their work has nothing to do with my work.



—*Bill Engdahl (Hedrich-Blessing).*

Project for a Convention Hall, 1954.



Model, Museum of the 20th Century, Berlin, Germany.

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Anti-Architecture

Continued from page 21

city occurs, of course, because this zoned caste system forces us to mobilize 200 horsepower merely to buy a newspaper or a pack of cigarettes. It forces maids and others to travel long distances to perform services in the middle- and upper-income residential areas. It clutters up the roads and tears our cities asunder. In invites crime in the office and shopping districts, which are, of course, empty at night. And it is utterly destructive of the urban mix of people and activities that makes for livability and interesting urban design and architecture.

The bankers help all this along, as everyone knows who has ever asked for a loan to remodel a fine old house in what the bankers consider a "wrong" part of town. "Wrong" is where "commercial encroachment" has taken place, where people with incomes below yours live nearby, or where the bankers hope for enough deterioration to take place so that they can buy a whole block cheaply and turn it into a huge profit. To most of them the city is not a place to live in but a gold mine where property values must be skilfully quarried.

But we all support the notion that land exists only to be "property," and property must, of course, be private. For how else can individuals get rich by trading it? In time we will surely find ways to better curb the private exploitation of our habitat, as we have found ways to curb the exploitation of child labor and some of our natural resources. But first we must enlarge our new appreciation if architecture is to include the essence of what good architecture strives to accomplish—a good environment to live in. And that, in turn, requires the repeal of much of the conventional wisdom that many architects also share.

A prevalent conventional wisdom ordains, for instance, that conformity is evil and variety is *eo ipso* imperative. We are, however, not a little schizophrenic about that. We fly to Europe to adore the equal building height of the Strøget in Copenhagen, say, only to come home and insist on jagged skylines on Main Street. We are enchanted by the architectural harmony of Mediterranean towns or the rhythmic uniformity of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris and get indignant when two new buildings at home look faintly alike.

The silly accusations of "boredom" and "monotony" have killed the international style, which, though it may have used a bit too much glass for human comfort, was, let's face it, a pretty promising beginning for a great new architecture. Mies's splendid, pristine glass boxes are easy to imitate, at least superficially, and that was probably all to the good. We should have told his imitators to imitate carefully. Instead we shamed them into the same exhausting rat race toward novelty, originality, self-expression, and making some startling new "statement" each time they pick up a pencil that our painters find themselves in. Now look what we've got: S. Giedion rightly calls it "playboy architecture," and Katharine Kuh and Ada Louise Huxtable call it "pop architecture."

Whatever we call it, it may be stunning at times, but it doesn't add up to great cities. We can take pop art or Freudian dribbles into our living rooms or leave them in the art galleries. These buildings we must look at. And how quickly we get bored with them is evidenced by the fact that the fad for Louis Kahn's mystical San Gimignano towers of four of five years ago has already given way to the rave for Paul Rudolph's neo-Art Nouveau architectural sculpture.

Another generally unquestioned bit of conventional wisdom is the virtue of open space in the city. It remains a great virtue in the turn-of-the-century industrial slums of London, which prompted Sir Raymond Unwin to proclaim the planning dictum "Nothing gained by overcrowding!" And it is, indeed, a blessing that along with their handsome Chase Manhattan tower, Skidmore, Owings & Merrill opened up the oppressively tight and shady Wall Street district of New York with a lovely, sunny plaza containing potted trees and a sunken pool.

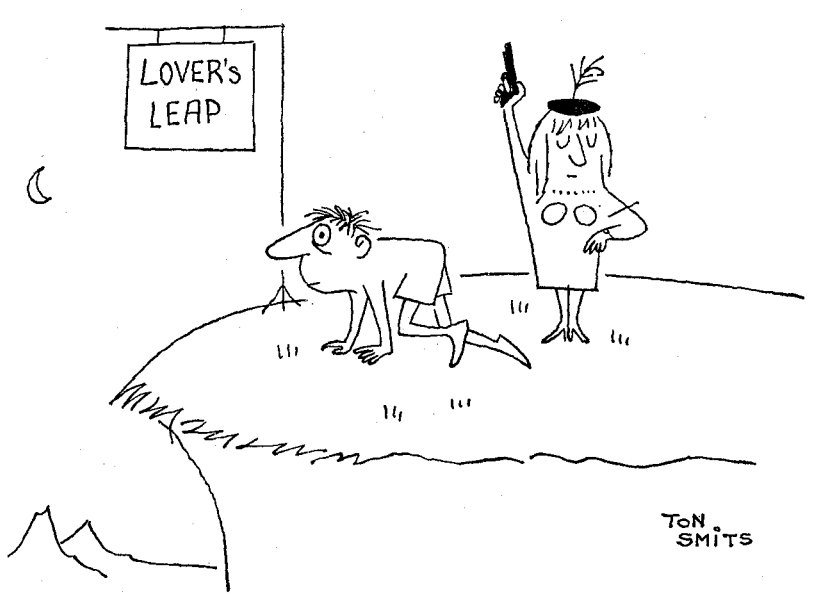
But setbacks and plazas ripped willy-nilly into the fabric of the city are not the cure for its ills that we encourage the architects to believe it is. The way Paul Rudolph's not-yet-completed new Massachusetts State Service Center withdraws from its three surrounding Boston streets for the sake of creating open spacelets is just as ill-mannered as the way Louis Kahn's Richards Medical Building juts right out over the sidewalk of a pleasant street on the University of Pennsylvania campus. We often admire bullies, but rarely for very long. A truly great actor doesn't steal the show. And a truly great work of architecture respects its setting, including the street and the adjoining buildings—all three take part in the drama of the city.

"Open space is what open space does," says urban designer Morton Hoppenfeld. It may be a great advantage in spots that our technical ability to make buildings tall also makes it economically feasible for their owners to yield us space on the ground. But if that space does nothing other than keep the janitors busy maintaining it, it does not justify the disruption of the established urban order and the sense of community that order gives us.

Only architectural order, continuity, appropriateness, discipline, and intimacy can restore for us a sense of pride and belonging to urban society, great or otherwise. And that is what true wisdom in our disjointed times should demand of our architects. We need a setting in which we, the clients and "consumers," not the architects alone, find creative expression.

I, too, am often thrilled by some of the narcissistic exhibits of our famous architectural stars. Experiments with style and form are as essential as experiments with new building techniques. Every period in art and architecture needs its *avant-garde*. But I deplore the fact that practically every architect nowadays is madly trying to rush way out front and that we keep cheering him on, not to excellence and livability, but to ever-new stunts.

That leaves us with nothing but non-architecture to bring up that sizable and all-important rear—that whole new Chicago a year. It's hardly the action we need "to prevent an ugly America."



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(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1607

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. One thing the homesick traveler likes to look at (3 wds.).	62 42 101 137 87 40 108 76 10 160 53
B. Thorn letters.	154 21 27 147
C. Another name for a cactus known as cholla (2 wds.).	31 85 170 161 98 177 122 56 16 179 59
D. Category in which belonged the G&S character *Bunthorne*.	13 50 107 15 125 196 127
E. One of the creatures in *Alice* who outgrabe when they were mome.	188 131 38 90
F. Pitcher plus catcher.	126 118 83 84 192 6 159
G. What Jack depended on Mrs. Spratt to do (3 wds.).	54 133 58 79 145 128 22 28 80
H. Responded *No*, in Elizabethan times.	178 77 65 75 139
I. Sleeveless undergarment, formerly much worn by women, covering neck, shoulders, breast.	163 81 43 65 39 91 198 55 25 113
J. Describing the carriage of the proud and courageous individual (2 wds.).	153 165 19 204 74 95 89 4
K. Milton's word describing Melancholy (*L'Allegro*).	191 190 82 167 183 156 99
L. Come to pass.	138 29 24 120 14 168 162 73 195
M. Period preceding maturity (2 wds.).	8 92 102 45 199 110 150 109 105
N. Having arrived at completion or accomplishment.	142 172 164 201 135 182 175
O. Doomed to suffer the consequences, whatever they may be (3 wds.).	121 96 72 44 169 67 132
P. Following *decent*, George Eliot's term for a clergyman who was less than a "model".	93 176 36 30 97 197 181 71 51
Q. The trellis for training a fruit tree to grow flat, as against a wall.	111 103 48 1 35 140 146 180
R. U.S. State whose motto is *We Dare Defend Our Rights*.	173 136 34 155 57 64 193
S. Invalidate.	203 17 46 158 100 104 149
T. Genus name of the Jimson weed.	69 123 174 202 114 166
U. Sacred grove at Olympia, near which the ancient Games were held.	106 157 171 5 18
V. Walk falteringly.	33 32 184 189 116 11
W. Turned in an opposite direction.	37 151 194 61 86 9 185 115
X. Hometown of Lady Godiva, which gives its name to a campanula, a lovely blue thread, a state of ostracism.	78 143 124 187 129 3 200 47
Y. A fancywork still holding its own in popularity with needlepoint.	148 68 52 144 152 26 141 112
Z. A measured, possibly monotonous, time maintained in a musical piece (2 wds.).	12 186 94 20 41 60 117 134 70
Z[1]. Roman orator, politician, historian, d. after 117 A.D.	2 49 130 119 7 88 63

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 Q	2 Z[1]		3 X	4 J	5 U	6 F	7 Z[1]	8 M		9 W	10 A	11 V	12 Z	13 D					
14 L	15 D	16 C	17 S	18 U	19 J	20 Z	21 B		22 G	23 A	24 L	25 I		26 Y		27 B				
28 G	29 L	30 P		31 C	32 V		33 V	34 R	35 Q	36 P		37 W	38 E		39 I	40 A				
	41 Z	42 A	43 I		44 O	45 M	46 S	47 X		48 Q	49 Z[1]	50 D	51 P	52 Y	53 A	54 G				
	55 I	56 C	57 R	58 G		59 C	60 Z	61 W	62 A	63 Z[1]		64 R	65 H		66 I	67 O				
68 Y	69 T		70 Z	71 P	72 O		73 L	74 J	75 H		76 A	77 H	78 X	79 G		80 G				
81 I	82 K	83 F		84 F	85 C	86 W	87 A	88 Z[1]	89 J	90 E		91 I	92 M	93 P	94 Z					
95 J	96 O	97 P	98 C	99 K	100 S	101 A	102 M	103 Q		104 S	105 M	106 U	107 D		108 A	109 M				
	110 M	111 Q	112 Y	113 I	114 T	115 W	116 V	117 Z	118 F	119Z[1]	120 L		121 O		122 C	123 T				
124 X	125 D		126 F	127 D	128 G	129 X		130 Z[1]	131 E	132 O	133 G	134 Z	135 N	136 R	137 A	138 L				
139 H		140 Q	141 Y	142 N	143 X		144 Y	145 G	146 Q		147 B	148 Y	149 S		150 M	151 W				
	152 Y	153 J	154 B		155 R	156 K	157 U	158 S	159 F		160 A	161 C		162 L		163 I				
164 N	165 J	166 T	167 K	168 L	169 O	170 C		171 U	172 N	173 R	174 T		175 N	176 P	177 C					
178 H	179 C		180 Q	181 P	182 N	183 K	184 V		185 W	186 Z	187 X	188 E		189 V	190 K					
191 K	192 F	193 R	194 W	195 L		196 D	197 P	198 I		199 M	200 X	201 N	202 T	203 S	204 J					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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